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THE DESERTED ROOM.

The flames leapt about the logs
As in the days of old;
About the silent room they played
In checker-work of gleam and shade;
The Persian carpet on the floor
Showed its dimmed beauty as of yore;
The portraits from the walls looked down,
And eye and lip in smile or frown
The tale she taught them told.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth,
The cricket sang its song;
The ivory notes she loved so much
Lay waiting for her wakening touch;
Her own or sister flowers drooped
Where the great crimson curtains looped;
And by her chair her favorite book
Its place, mute pleading for her, took
To rest unopened long.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth;
A sense of something gone
Hung heavy on the listening ear
That used her joyous voice to hear;
The echoes of the silent house
Waiting her flying foot to rouse;
It seemed as ghosts her brightness laid
In the dull stillness woke and strayed
And long-lost empire won.

The fire flames leapt, and paled, and died;
And in the eerie gloom
Sad memories gathered round the hearth
Where she brought joy and youth and mirth;
Sad fancies mingling with them said
Old tales of half-forgotten dead;
And baffled prayers and visions met,
With loss, and longing, and regret,
In the deserted room.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XIII. [CONTINUED.]

"And you have so many admirers, Beatrix!" he said.

"Yes, I have many admirers; but the more I receive of admiration the less I am disposed to fall in love. Love is a weakness, uncle."

"It is, my dear," he said drily. "Many strong men have succumbed to it."

"I never shall," declared Beatrix. "I can understand many things—the desire for fame which fills a man's heart and ennobles him—the desire to do good, which is nobler still. The love you and I have, uncle, is for the Lennoxes of Erceldean, and it is a grand, noble love—it warms my heart, and makes it beat high with pride. But, uncle, I cannot understand what the men and women of these days call love. It simply disgusts me."

"I have come to one conclusion," she said. "Either the love that lived in olden days, when men died for a woman's smile, the love that poets speak of, is dead, or it never existed. It is a delusion and a dream. When I am in a ball-room, I look around sometimes at the men whom the Duchess calls eligible; one cannot pronounce his 'r's', another considers stroking his moustache the chief end and aim of his existence, a third wears an eye-glass and talks slang, a fourth complains of a crumpled rose-leaf, a fifth gives himself the air of a conqueror. Uncle, I look round thinking of the grand old Crusaders and gallant Cavaliers, who never knew even the name of carpet-knight—I think of the old Covenanters out on the Scottish hills, and I cannot believe that these are the same race of men. I ask myself at times, can it be that these men have souls?"

"My dear Beatrix, you are hard on them," returned her uncle—"you are indeed. There are earnest men, grave thinkers, learned students, brave soldiers, left amongst us yet."

"It may be so, but I have not met them in ball-rooms," she said. "And do you know, uncle, that, though I go the fashionable round, and join in all the follies of it, I do not like it?"

He murmured something of the same kind, but Beatrix was too much excited by her subject even to hear him.

"I can safely promise you, uncle," she went on, "that I shall never fall in love with any of the men I meet in society. I have more respect for the Border trooper who slept all night on the cold hillside than for the sybarite who complains of the crumpled rose-leaf. If ever I meet one whom I may think a noble man, then I cannot say how far my promise will hold good. If King Arthur, my ideal amongst men, were to walk into the room now, I should bow my head to him."

Her uncle seemed to be uncomfortable.

"I hope, Beatrix," he said suddenly, "that when your King Arthur comes he will be the right man."

"I hope so," returned Beatrix laughingly; "but at present, uncle, I see no sign of his approach. As for the Prince, I would not marry the King of Italy, much less one of his subjects. I like Erceldean too well."

As she quitted the room with her proud, graceful step, Peter Lennox sank back in his chair.

"She is just the woman to be dangerous and troublesome," he said. "If she could be satisfied with the world as it is and men as they are, I should have more hope of her. Her noble nature revolts from all littleness, all affectation. She has made for herself an ideal of a noble man; some day she will meet some one more or less like it, and down she will go, without waiting to think. Hers is a firm nature, but a dangerous one. The fact is, woman ought not to have deep feeling; it is a great drawback. But I do believe she will be on her guard in respect of the Prince de Ferros."

Little enough did the handsome young Italian dream of these sentiments. He had come to England in search of a wife. He had a love—a mania his friends called it—for everything English. He had gone one night to the Opera, and there had seen a sweet, proud face that had driven him out of himself—a face more beautiful than the pictured ones of his native land, more beautiful than anything he had ever dreamed of, a face fair as the fairest flower, framed in lustrous hair, and with eyes as dark as an Italian night; he had seen rich draperies of gold and white clinging round a figure of perfect grace and symmetry. The possessor was young and bewitchingly fair—a calm, serene, noble beauty, whose smiles came slowly, whose peerless face seemed to be the shrine of a noble soul. He had stood quite silent as he looked at her, and then he had said to himself, "She is as beautiful as a goddess; she has a noble soul that looks out fearless upon a world that is beneath her; and, if I can win her for my wife, I will."

It was easy enough to learn her name; every one knew Miss Lennox, the heiress of Erceldean. Prince de Ferros went at once to her Grace of Elmslie.

"I have lost my heart," he said; "you must help me to find it."

The Duchess was ready enough to tell him all about "Prince Charlie's" daughter.

"I am her godmother," she said, quite forgetting how years before she had ignored this claim upon her kindness. "She is really very beautiful, and she will be one of the richest heiresses in England—she is heiress of Erceldean."

"She would be a queen even had she nothing," rejoined the Prince enthusiastically. "Your Grace is smiling. I see all happiness in her face. You will introduce me?"

The Duchess promised, and it was her letter that caused Beatrix's exclamation. She smiled to herself while Lady Lennox anxiously discussed her toilet. She looked unwontedly lovely in a dress of white made after a quaint Grecian fashion, with a band of gold round her dainty waist, and golden fringe on her dress; she wore sweet blue Nile-lillies in her hair; and Prince de Ferros, when he bowed before her, laid his life and his love at her feet.

CHAPTER XIV.

"It is flattering, Ailsa. At the same time I hope the child will not consent."

Peter Lennox held a most impassioned letter—a letter asking permission for his Highness the Prince de Ferros to make the offer of his hand to his niece Miss Lennox. He spoke in rapturous terms of his love—there had never had been any love since the world began like his; as for settlements, for one so beautiful and so fair he would offer all that he had if she would take it.

Peter Lennox was touched as he read the Prince's letter—the millionaire, the great unbeliever in the love of women or the friendship of men, was touched. In some vague way it seemed to him that he held a living human heart in his hand. It was a noble offer. To be Princess de Ferros, to be queen of a large Italian domain, meant much. But, if Beatrix became Princess de Ferros, farewell to all his dreams of Erceldean!

In the midst of his reflections Peter Lennox stopped short, his lips grew white, a shadow of unutterable pain darkened his eyes.

"I was a madman!" he said to himself. "But then how could I foresee this? I should not have wasted my life as I have done had I foreseen this."

He called Beatrix and her mother into consultation. To be Princess de Ferros was certainly a high destiny, but it was none too high for her daughter, thought Lady Lennox, as she looked at her lovely face.

"Do you care for him, Beatrix?" was the first question that Lady Lennox asked. There was an expression of unwonted weariness in the proud dark eyes of the girl as she replied—

"No, mamma—in fact, I care for no man."

"If you do not love him, Beatrix, and are not ambitious of shining as Princess de Ferros," said Peter Lennox, "say 'No' to him, my dear. You could not look after the interests of Erceldean in Italy."

The young beauty bent down and kissed her uncle's gray, grim face—

"I am glad to please you, uncle," she cried—"I am glad to do something that will show that I am grateful for your goodness, that I share your interests, that the honor and glory of Erceldean are dearer to me than any earthly honor that could befall myself. I am pleased to renounce my princely lover, with his ancient title, his handsome face, his chivalrous manner, and his vast possessions, for the welfare of Erceldean." And Peter Lennox, in his gratitude, kissed his niece more fervently than he had kissed any one yet.

So the Prince received the kindest letter that could be written under the circumstances.

Kind as it was, it almost drove him mad. He could not bear the thought of losing the stately young beauty on whom he had fixed his whole heart. He met her that same evening at a *soiree* given by one of the leaders of fashion. She was about to pass him with a bow and a smile, when something in the expression of his face, so full of longing pain, seemed to strike her. She stopped and spoke to him; and then, encouraged by her kindness, he asked her to walk with him through the brilliantly lighted rooms.

"There is a piece of sculpture here, Miss Lennox," he said, as they found themselves in a deserted room leading out of the picture-gallery, "that I should like to show you. It was the result of years of long study and hard labor, and is the only work the young sculptor ever produced. Can you sympathize with a life that seems to empty itself, to pour itself out in one grand effort, and then ceases to exist?"

"I think not," she replied slowly. "I would rather husband my resources than exhaust my life in a single effort."

"Still there is something very grand in it. If Leonardo da Vinci had died after painting only 'The Last Supper,' if Haydn had succumbed after writing nothing but the *Creation*, if Canova's artistic career had ended with the production of his Venus, we should have loved such men perhaps better for seeming to have given their lives in one grand effort. You would find it still more difficult, Miss Lennox, to believe any man's expending his life in one great love," he concluded, as they stood in an alcove embowered with exotics.

She looked very attractive that evening, and her bright girlish beauty had never appeared to greater advantage. She carried in her hands a bouquet of lovely crimson roses.

She drew back with a graceful gesture as he asked the question. The proud clear eyes had no tender light in them; they met his unshrinkingly.

"I do not believe in love at all, Prince. All that I have seen of it since I have lived in a world that never ceases talking of it has been a caricature."

"You never speak untruthfully," he said—"of that I am quite sure. And you tell me that you do not believe in love?"

"I have seen none that I believe in yet," she replied. "I have heard the word applied to every kind of meanness, to every caprice, to whims of all kinds, even to sin; but of real love I have seen nothing."

He looked at her with eyes full of fire and passion.

"Great Heavens," he cried, "I stand before you, ready to die for you, praying you to accept my life, my love, my fortune, my name, to take all that I am or have, and you tell me that you do not believe in love!"

"I was not speaking personally, Prince," she replied.

"It does not matter. If you believe in no other love in the world, you must believe in mine. I love you—you alone. You are my one hope—my one love. You cannot suspect that I speak falsely. What have I to gain?"

"Nothing," she replied. "But I am not so hard as you think, Prince. I believe that some men have strong fancies—fancies born sometimes of a pretty face or a sweet voice. For the time they believe those fancies love; therefore I respect them."

He drew back deeply wounded.

"Then you do not call my love a caricature, but a fancy, Miss Lennox?"

She smiled so sweetly that his anger melted like snow before the sun.

"I will hope it is a fancy, Prince. I should not like to think that you had thrown all the strength and energy of your life into a pursuit which can never be successful."

"Why should it not be successful?" he asked gently, bending his face so that he could look into hers—few women could have resisted the musical voice or the handsome face. "Miss Lennox, you are beautiful as a dream. I can make you queen of a splendid domain. Ferros is one of the loveliest parts of Italy. I love you so well that I would devote every moment of my life to you—I would forestall your every wish—every desire of your heart should be fulfilled. Will you put my love to the test?"

"I cannot, Prince," replied Beatrix. "I believe there are some exceptions. I will be more lenient for the future. I will judge less hardly. There may—it is just possible—be a few cases where love is indeed genuine. I will admit that yours is so. Even then I cannot accept it."

"Why?" he cried eagerly. "Tell me why? Is there anything I can change—anything I can do? Tell me, Miss Lennox."

"Because," she replied gently, "I do not love you, and I never could."

"Again will you tell me why?" asked the Prince, after a pause.

"I do not know the reason," she answered. "I do not suppose, Prince, that you could give any reason for loving me."

"I could give a hundred!" he cried. "Because you are beautiful, good, graceful——"

"Those are excuses," she interrupted playfully, "not reasons. I have never heard that there is any reason in love."

"Nor is there," he said.

"To love is the following of an impulse we can neither resist nor explain," says a philosopher. I have no such impulse. I cannot explain why any more than you can explain why you love."

"But, though you may not care for me now, in time you might."

"No," she replied, with a dreamy look in her dark eyes. "In all the stories that poets tell love is the work of a moment, not the growth of years. I imagine that that it is so really—that were we to meet the one whom we are destined to love something informs us of the fact. I think myself that I should in a moment were I to meet the one whom I should consider a king amongst men."

"And I am not that king, Miss Lennox?"

"No," she replied. "You are one for whom I have the greatest respect, whom I shall always esteem, but whom I can never love."

"It pleases you to be very frank, Miss Lennox?"

"It is always best," she answered. "The world would be as light again if there were more frankness in it."

He stood looking moodily at her—this bright young creature who had met an offer of marriage with a discussion on the philosophy of love.

"Miss Lennox," he said suddenly, "I shall not take your 'nay.' I will not give up the idea of winning you; to lose the hope of that would be to lose my life. Mine may be the madness of love—the madness of despair—I cannot help it. I shall never give up the hope of winning you, Miss Lennox, until you marry another or I die."

"Then I am sorry for you," she said. "It will be a wasted love."

"No—for it will make me a better man," he rejoined. "The man who loves you must be a noble man, Miss Lennox."

"I am sorry for you," she repeated. "You might have been happy had you loved some one else."

"Sorry," he cried—"with those cold proud eyes that have never once softened for me, no matter how I have pleaded and prayed! Oh, Miss Lennox, I fear there is pain in store for you! You are too proud. Some day you will love and suffer and understand."

"I do understand," she told him. "I am sorry for you, Prince—I regret that you have lavished a wealth of love on me for which nothing can repay you."

"You are so young and so beautiful," he said, looking sadly at her. "The roses of life at your feet, and you trample on them. Some day—remember, I prophesy to you who are cold and proud, with your heart steeled against love—you will love, and that love will be your crown of suffering. If that day and hour do come—as I believe they will, Miss Lennox—think of me and I promise, if I can help you then, I will."

But she smiled as he left her.

"Those Italians are all so ardent and impetuous," she said; and yet a shudder like that of cold or fear came over her as she smiled.

CHAPTER XV.

Prince de Ferros kept his word. He would not take "nay" for an answer. Not that he said any more about love to Miss Lennox; he began to have far too keen a comprehension of Miss Lennox's character to venture upon that. She was quite unlike other girls. How few would have refused to share his princely domain! How few would have asked themselves or cared whether they loved him or not! "She is prouder and colder than others," he said to himself, "but she is a thousand times nobler."

"You have studied an old saying to some advantage, Miss Lennox," he said to her one day.

"What saying is that, Prince?" she asked, with a smile.

"'Coldness is an attribute of the gods,'" he replied.

"Am I cold?" asked Beatrix, with a smile.

"You are as cold as you are beautiful," he answered.

"I must console myself with one reflection," she said. "Mine is not a common fault."

But what the Prince said was true. Every one admired Beatrix Lennox, heiress of Erceldean. They thought her most beautiful, most graceful. They even admired the dainty *hauteur* which was like pride and yet not pride. But they said she was cold. Lovers' words, lovers' raptures, the honeyed praise of men, never seemed to rouse the least emotion within her. Without the least betrayal of feeling she listened to a declaration of love and refused an offer of marriage. It seemed as though no man had the power to bring a flush to the beautiful face, a light into the proud dark eyes. They called her by strange, fantastic names—"Queen of Snow," "The beautiful Icicle," "The frozen Belle." It did not matter—nothing impressed her. Men spoke of her with wonder. Some were hurt and wounded that she cared so little. Said Captain Vandermere one evening, when he had been driven almost desperate by her persistent coldness and was retailing his grief to a circle of friends in the Duke of Elmslie's smoking-room—

"One likes to see a woman with some little respect for men, but Miss Lennox does not seem to have any."

Sir Gerald Norton, a young baronet whom Beatrix had refused twice, added—

"No, even when she is speaking to me, she seems as though she were talking over my head."

"Oh, there is a want of spirit among you!" broke in the Duke of Elmslie. "Here is a lady as beautiful as a goddess and as rich as a princess in a fairy tale, and none of you can win her! What is more, none of you can make the least impression upon her. Those among you who profess to admire her the most own that she looks over you as she speaks to you. Now, when I was young, such a girl would have been wooed earnestly."

"Earnestness is gone out of fashion," said Sir Gerald. "There is nothing worth being in earnest about."

"Not even Miss Lennox?" interrogated the Duke quietly.

"Well, it is of no use being in earnest about her. Look at his Grace of Heathland, one of the richest men in England—he has worn himself to a shadow about her, and it is of no use."

"Yet you do not hear the Duke of Heathland complain," said the host.

"Whom is she waiting for," cried Sir Gerald—"an English duke, an Italian prince, or one of others too numerous to mention?"

"It is possible Miss Lennox may be waiting for some one she loves," said the Duke of Elmslie.

"I have never thought of that," declared Sir Gerald frankly. "You may be right, but I must say I do not think the man lives with whom she would own herself in love."

"There I fancy you are wrong," said the Duke.

But here their conversation on the subject suddenly came to an end, for the Duke of Heathland was seen approaching, and it was not deemed advisable to discuss Miss Lennox before the man who was known to worship her.

Society amused itself by watching the struggle. Who would win—the Italian Prince or the English Duke? It could not decide. Miss Lennox seemed to like one just as well as she did the other; she never made the least distinction between them. Beatrix herself found two such devoted lovers almost too much for her; they were like shadows, never away from her. They were scrupulously polite to each other, with a cool, polished, deadly antagonism that they never betrayed; yet Beatrix knew it was but slumbering fire—she knew that one misplaced word would rouse the fire into fierce flames, and perhaps cause the cool, polished courtesy to end in bloodshed or death.

She was very careful. When she entered a ball-room they both, as a rule, approached her at once; to one she gave the first waltz, to the other the first quadrille; if the Prince held her bouquet, the Duke held her fan. The whispered compliments, the honeyed flatteries, the worship they both paid, seemed unheeded, or, as Sir Gerald would have phrased it, 'she looked over them;' she was extremely obliged to them, but she would have preferred that they had left her alone. Both lovers hoped against hope; they had been refused in the plainest of words, yet neither could believe in his rejection.

The Duchess of Elmslie spoke very seriously to Beatrix about them.

"Shall you marry either of them, Trixie?" she asked. And Beatrix answered "No."

"Then," said her grace, "be cautious. They are madly jealous of each other, and a first sign of preference you make will be a signal for murder—that is, murder in the shape of a duel. You understand?"

"I can show no preference," returned Beatrix, "for I feel none."

The Duchess laid her hand on the girl's arm.

"Beatrix," she said earnestly, "I try to believe you, but I cannot; it is incredible to me that any girl should deliberately throw away two such chances. You must be Duchess of Heathland. I should not like you to go to Italy, but I should like to see you Duchess of Heathland."

Beatrix turned away impatiently. She was tired of hearing this.

On that evening the queen of London society, the brilliant belle, the beauty *par excellence* of the day, found herself by rare chance alone. Lady Lennox had gone to dine with some dowagers of her acquaintance, Peter Lennox had gone to a bachelor's dinner, and Beatrix, who was engaged to attend a dancing-party, feeling tired, sent an excuse, and remained at home.

On the evening previous she had almost offended the Prince. He had, so it seemed to her persecuted her; he had asked her for almost every dance, he had escorted her to the supper-table, he had followed her like her shadow.

"Will you order our carriage, Prince?" said Beatrix in despair—no amount of coldness seemed to dismay him.

"Order your carriage," he exclaimed—"so soon!"

"I am tired," said Beatrix; "if——"

"Yes, certainly; I will do that or anything for you."

"There is only one thing that I want you to do," said Beatrix hastily.

"What is that, Miss Lennox? You have but to speak."

"It is to leave me in peace, Prince—at present you give me none."

He was almost offended; he escorted her to her carriage, and bowed in silence both to her mother and herself.

"I hope he is offended," said Beatrix to herself—"I am quite tired of his attentions."

But the next morning her maid brought her a superb bouquet of white heath and white lilies, tastefully intermixed with scarlet verbena and scented geraniums, "with the compliments of the Prince de Ferros."

"Then he is not offended," she thought with a deep sigh—"I shall have to express my disapproval still more."

On this evening she longed for peace—the desire was irresistible. Had such a thing ever been known, she asked herself, as a Belgravian beauty's stealing out at dusk to enjoy 'one solitary hour under the stately trees in the Park—just one hour?

"No matter," she thought, "whether any one has ever done it or not, I will do it now." And she threw a wrap round her and put on her hat.

Once more she stood alone under the dying light of the sky, near the shade of tall whispering trees, alone with her own thoughts. Looking up at the calm heavens, how little and mean seemed her present life to her—so full of excitement, of gaiety and fashion, so brilliant, so gay!

"One hour on Loch Narn would be worth all of it," she said to herself.

The silence of the falling night took her back to the shining lochs, the purple hills, the heathery moors; she longed to be at Strathnarn again. Her heart and soul turned in hot revolt against a life spent in ball rooms and parks. Oh, for one hour on Loch Narn, where no Italian princes could persecute her, and whither no English dukes would care to come! There was a higher life even in this world, she felt sure—a higher, nobler life. She had not reached it—she hardly knew what it was; but a vague idea of it came to her as she stood in the soft dewy silence.

* * * * * * *

Peter Lennox came home early, and, not knowing that his niece was at home, he went to his study and fell asleep in the comfortable easy-chair that was his favorite resting-place. When Beatrix heard that he had returned, she went at once to see him. She never neglected him nor left him alone. She went to his study, and, opening the door, saw that he had fallen asleep in his chair. She did not awaken him, but went up to him very gently. How tried and worn the face looked! And there was the secret, thought Beatrix, revealing itself in great piteous lines round his mouth. Her uncle suddenly turned round!

"I did not mean it," she heard him say—"I never thought of it."

Then with a sudden cry he woke from his sleep.

"Grace, Grace!" he called. For a moment he look wildly around him. "Grace, Grace!" he repeated.

"Uncle," said Beatrix, "I came to see if you wanted anything."

An expression of fear crossed his face, followed by one of great relief.

"Is that you, Trixie? I was asleep—dreaming. I am glad you are at home, my dear. I felt very dull to-night."

And all night, while the gay world moved along, she remembered the one cry of "Grace, Grace!" and wondered what it meant.

CHAPTER XVI.

A cosy little party sat in the beautiful boudoir that Peter Lennox had furnished for his niece. The Duchess of Elmslie—who was just as devoted to the millionaire's niece as she had been inattentive to the poor outcast at Strathnarn—had driven over to Lady Lennox—who had forgotten in her present happiness all her past pain, and who delighted in the gossiping conversation of the Duchess—in company with Lady Dutton, one of the Duchess's dearest friends, who kept her well supplied with news. These two ladies with Beatrix and her mother formed a friendly little party—they had partaken of luncheon, and now sat at ease discussing the events of the day. It was Lady Lennox who always insisted that Beatrix should make one of these little gatherings.

"You will hear so much that is instructive, Trixie," said her mother, "if you will but attend to the dear Duchess."

Beatrix looked up in horror at the suggestion.

"It is quite true, my dear," the simple lady assured her. "The Duchess is a thorough woman of the world. She understands the intricacies and the ways of life."

Beatrix kissed her mother's sweet face.

"I would rather," she said, "ten thousand times over take one lesson from you, mamma, than twenty from the Duchess."

But, as her mother wished it, she generally attended these little conferences. It was one of her peculiarities that she detested gossip, it was another that she invariably defended the absent.

On this morning the conversation amazed her more than it generally did. There had been a great scandal, and the Duchess appeared to delight in discussing it. Then she had many anecdotes of Lady Scales to relate. Lady Scales was one of her pet subjects. Beatrix turned away tired at last. How shallow all this seemed to the high soul and noble nature formed amid the glorious solitudes of Loch Narn.

Lady Lennox saw her daughter's look and understood it. The *Morning Post* lay upon the table, and anxious to divert Beatrix's attention, she pointed to it and said—

"Beatrix, will you look through that and tell me when the Botanical *fete* is to be held?"

Beatrix gladly took up the newspaper, while the three ladies resumed their discussion. The Duchess continued—

"I have always told her so, 'I have warned her a hundred times,' even Lady Otho said——"

The clear sweet voice of the young girl checked the speaker by a rapturous cry.

"That is something like a man!" she said. "Now I believe in heroes! They are not all dead; there are chivalry and honor and kindness left in the world. I should like to see the man who did that glorious deed."

It was very, so seldom that Beatrix praised the other sex that the three ladies paused in the full tide of their gossip, and the Duchess, smiling blandly said—

"What is it, my dear?"

The young girl walked over to her, her face glowing, her eyes bright with admiration.

"I love noble deeds," she said; "and the

man who performed this one would have made a worthy Crusader, or one of King Arthur's knights."

"What is it?" asked the Duchess. "I have never seen you so pleased before, Beatrix."

"Will it not tire you if I read it?" she asked. "Mamma, it is so wonderful."

"Read it by all means, my dear," said the Duchess, wondering what it could be that interested the girl so deeply.

One charm of Beatrix Lennox—a charm almost as great as her beauty—was her utter forgetfulness. She never seemed to remember herself or her beauty; she never seemed to think of or to study her looks or her attitudes. This charm was conspicuous now as she stood before them, her trailing black lace falling round her; her beautiful face and queenly head raised as proudly though the deed she were reading about swelled her very heart and soul.

"A Noble Deed," the paragraph was headed? and this was how it ran: "Our readers will probably remember that a short time since a servant-girl of the name of Mary Hanson was brought up at the Chester Assizes on a charge of murder. The case was both interesting and painful. The girl Hanson had lived in the service of a gentleman named Harland Roby, who resided in a villa near Chester. Mr. Roby was a married man, his wife a lady of considerable personal attractions; they lived alone, had no children, and kept two servants. But in six weeks after Mary Hanson went to live with the Robys the cook left, and her place was not filled. Mary Hanson gave every satisfaction to her employers; she was honest, industrious, and amiable; no suspicion was ever entertained about her until Mr. Roby, after drinking some beef-tea which she had prepared for him, was taken suddenly ill. The doctor was sent for, and he declared the master of the house had been poisoned. After some time the unfortunate gentleman died in dreadful agony; and at the inquest it was proved that he had met his death through the administration of arsenic. Evidence was given that Mary Hanson had two days previously purchased arsenic, saying that she wanted to poison mice. The testimony against her was strong; she had purchased the poison, she had made the beef-tea, and the poison was found in it."

"Oh, those terrible lower orders!" exclaimed the Duchess.

"Wait," said Beatrix; "you have not heard all." Miss Lennox resumed—

"The girl listened to the verdict of guilty, and then, raising a white scared face to the judge, said, 'My lord, I bought the poison—my mistress told me to do so to get rid of the mice; but I swear I never gave it to my master—I swear that I am as innocent as a child, and that if I am hanged it will be murder.' She appeared very unlike a murderess; she was a pretty, innocent-looking country girl of eighteen. As she was leaving the dock she cried, 'I pray Heaven to help me, for man cannot.' But man did. Sitting in the court was a young lawyer already favorably known, Mr. Beltran Carew. He heard the girl's cry; and from that moment devoted his time to the case. It is the more worthy of praise, as Mr. Carew had no hope of any reward; the poor girl was penniless and friendless. He spared neither time, labor, nor expense. He met with and overcame great difficulties; he sifted the evidence, and gathered more; the result clearly proved that the poison had been administered by the wife herself and that she was mad—had been mad for some years—she had had a mania for killing—birds, fowls, cats, dogs, everything that she could kill without observation. The widow was ordered to be kept in prison at her Majesty's pleasure, and Mary Hanson was released. The joy of the poor girl was pitiful to witness. It seems to us that the thanks of the whole community are due to Mr. Carew. But for his perseverance, his noble generosity, his heroism, an innocent life would have been forfeited; a madwoman would have been left free to her own devices, and there would have been, what all Englishmen would deplore, a blot on the administration of justice. Mr. Carew deserves, and has won, the gratitude of his countrymen."

"Now," said Beatrix, "that is a man after my own heart."

"My dear child," cried Lady Lennox, "what a strong expression!"

"I mean it, mamma. He is a hero, the man who deliberately and willingly sacrificed his time to save the life of a poor servant-girl. In all England who remembered that innocent girl in her cell, except the judge who condemned her and the one noble chivalrous man who saved her?"

"My dear Beatrix," said the Duchess, "the accident does not deserve so much consideration. The young lawyer did right of course; but there is really not so much to be excited about."

"If you had read such a story in Grecian or Roman history, if you had read it in the second volume of a novel, you would think it very affecting; but, being a story of real life, with a living hero, it is hardly worth notice. To me it seems that in all England, in all this wide world, there can be no nobler man than this young lawyer, Beltran Carew."

"Peace to his devotion, my dear!" laughed the Duchess. "It was very creditable to him, but——"

"But your grace does not see the beauty of it, and does not understand the heroism of it. There is no more to be said about it."

And Beatrix turned away half indignantly; while the Duchess, with a bland smile, continued her conversation.

"What do they know of or care for heroism?" she thought to herself. "This man—this Beltran Carew—is a hero. At King Arthur's table, when his knights heard that a woman was in distress, the readiest would spring from his seat to do battle for her. There is just as much heroism in this young lawyer's act. He stood up and did hard battle; he saved the life of an innocent girl; and I say 'Heaven bless Beltran Carew!' I wish there was more like him."

She went in search of Mr. Lennox. She never enjoyed anything very much unless her uncle shared it.

"I listen, uncle," she said—"I have found a hero—listen to what my hero has done."

In her clear sweet voice, that seemed to thrill with passionate emotion, she read the story again; and then she laid down the newspaper.

"She was only a servant-girl, uncle; but it seems to me the more lowly the lot, the more striking is such generosity. Had she been rich and had influence, he might have hoped for some reward; as it was, he could not have expected any. Uncle, I am glad that I read this. I shall always believe in heroes now."

"He is a clever man as well as a good one," said Peter Lennox. "I tell you what, Beatrix—I am sure to drift into a law-suit with the Eastern Mining Company; I shall place it in his hands. It will be worth several hundred pounds to him."

"When will that begin, uncle?" she asked.

"Not for some time," he replied. "I must have their answer first."

"I should like to see Mr. Carew, and tell him what I think of him," she said.

"So should I," added her uncle. "If he wins my case, I shall be delighted. That Eastern Mining Company is a complete swindle, although I am not prepared to prove it just yet." So saying, Peter Lennox quitted the room, leaving his niece with the newspaper still in her hand.

"Beltran Carew," she repeated to herself. "I like the name. It is a beautiful name. 'Beltran' brings before me the picture of a belted knight. 'Carew' always had a noble sound. I wonder if I shall ever see Beltran Carew? I wonder if he is like my ideal?"

She gave more thought to Beltran Carew than she had ever given to dukes or earls.

Taking advantage of Miss Lennox's absence from the little conference in her mother's boudoir, the Duchess of Elmslie began to impress upon Lady Lennox the advantage of a marriage between the Duke of Heathland and her daughter.

"He will never rest, my dear, until he wins her," she said; "and I hope—I most devoutly hope—that Beatrix will not throw such a chance away."

Gentle Lady Lennox could say only what was perfectly true, that Beatrix was not like other girls. None of them dreamed of the complication that was to ensue; and it was well they did not.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PLEASANT PAST.

O'er the sunny afternoons
When the roses were in blow,
When the birds began their e'ening song,
And the win' was soft and low.

When my heart's delight, in the mellowing light,
Would tr p wi' me to the green,
Rehearsing o'er some bliss in store,
Or the joyous days we'd seen.

E'en the winter nights had the'r warm delights
Though the snows were drifting deep;
For the din and shout of the storm without
But made us the closer creep.

Hold fast, hold fast, to the pleasant past,
Its sweet and its sunny hours;
The seeds that we sow may never, never grow,
But the crop o' the past is ours.

THE SPHINX.

A Mystery.

I.

I am by profession a lawyer, and as there seems to be a popular notion that all young barristers who write their experience, or otherwise figure in polite literature, are briefless, it may be right to say that I am not altogether a briefless barrister, having held several briefs, and earnestly expecting more.

My friend Charley Deben, from the City, came up to my chambers one day last December, bringing me an invitation from his family to go home with him and spend Christmas. I had been a good many times with Charley to his paternal roof-tree, and I never failed to greatly enjoy myself each time. I liked the old people, and also his brothers and sisters whom I saw. They were true and natural English country people, who had grown, as it were, out of the soil, like the violets by the hazel-roots or the may-blossom on the hedgerows. But there was a secret attraction for me in that home which outweighed all the rest a hundred-fold. Charley's grown-up sister Ethel had fairly entered into possession of the vacant space in the core of my affections. The first time I met her she exerted her peculiar influence over me. What young man does not know the tender anticipation with which he looks forward to meeting the sister of his friend, whom he has heard about more than once in loveable terms from her brother, and who already has excited a gentle interest in his breast? It was with this feeling that I first encountered Miss Ethel Deben. I had gone with Charley to his home, "Oak Hall," to spend a week in wild-fowl shooting, and it was then I met her for the first time. Her almost perfect features, her rich black hair, her bright complexion, her dark blue eyes in which truth and tenderness seemed mirrored, her quiet lady-like manners and sweet smile, had captivated my heart. Succeeding visits had only completed my thraldom, and her dear image was never far from my thoughts; it disputed my attention with files of parchment deeds, and perpetually obtruded itself amidst dry legal clauses and references to precedents, and was as much out of place amongst them as a picture of Arcadian life in a laboratory of physical apparatus. It was rather a hopeless passion of mine, however, for Ethel Deben was not only beautiful, amiable, and admired, but also well dowered, and I calculated, with legal acumen, but at the same time with very small satisfaction, that such a prize as she was would soon be carried off. My own circumstances were, at best, only promising, and I could only keep in the background while some more fortunate individual, whose bread had been buttered for him by a kinder Fortune, played a leading part and won the rare meed. But although I kept carefully in the background I was only too glad to avail myself of Charley Deben's invitation to spend Christmas in her society. Like the moth, I was drawn invincibly to the candle, and so I went down with him to Oak Hall, happy to see and be near her again, but guarding myself cautiously against any betrayal of attachment.

We arrived at Oak Hall on Christmas Eve. We had found a trap waiting for us at the nearest railway station, and had driven six miles in the dark, through a wooded upland country, to the house, which stood on a hill surrounded by a park with some fine old trees. It was a wet, inflated, boisterous night, and we were gratified to see the warm light of the windows of the old family home appear through the trees at last. Charley urged on the horse, and we soon drew up in front of the house—a square, comfortable, old red brick mansion, with a pillared portico, many plain oblong windows, tall chimney-tops, and a stone coat-of-arms over the doorway. Two great cedars stood sentinel at each end, and spread their black flakes over the lawn.

Mr. Deben, a hale, hearty old gentleman, was ready to receive us at the door, and Mrs. Deben met us in the lobby, where Charley was soon engaged with his younger brothers and sisters in a scramble for presents. When I entered the drawing-room, I found a good number of people there, one or two of whom I had met before, and others who were strangers to me. Ethel Deben was the first to meet me and shake hands. She came forward with her usual frank manner, and at once introduced me to another smiling beauty who followed her. Miss Rose Herrick, Ethel's friend, was a fair Saxon type of beauty, all roses and lilies and dimples. Her hair was of a flaxen-brown, but soft as silk, and wavy over the temples. When she laughed her blooming face was the incarnation of merriment and fun. Another of the guests to whom I was introduced for the first time was a young squire called Heywood, a fine brown-haired, broad-shouldered young fellow, with many fine brown and broad acres to match. He looked and was a good fellow, I am obliged to confess it; but I felt little desire to converse with him. The fact is, he damped my spirits for a little while; I was foolish enough to feel the slightest shade of jealousy at seeing him, without any reason, I own; but love does not wait for reason. Only calmly considering the matter, however, I forced myself to dismiss any feeling of jealousy from my mind, because I had no right to entertain it. If young Mr. Heywood admired Ethel Deben it was no business of mine. "Let it be so," I said to myself, and I determined to be as cheerful under the circumstances as if no thought of Ethel Deben had ever agitated my bosom. So while Heywood lounged very close to Ethel, I sat down just as close to Rose Herrick. We became friends in a moment, and very soon we were laughing gaily together over repartees that seemed to flow (at least, from me) with unusual copiousness and liancy. The more Rose laughed at my jokes the better I was pleased; and I was not sorry to see that Mr. Heywood said little to Ethel that could be called amusing. I fear I was jealous still.

"Oh! by-the-by, Mr. Temple," said Rose to me, "I ought to tell you—your bed-room is the haunted room. Do you know there is a haunted room in this old house, with a wonderful ghost in it, or voice, or something? Ethel will tell you the story. On former occasions the ghost has made its appearance, or the voice has been heard, about Christmas time, so don't be surprised if you hear a queer voice talking to you to-night—a weird rifin voice, complaining of its sad fate, and warning you of future ills."

"I should like to talk with a spirit," I said. "I should like to know my future lot—at least, one or two things about it. I wish some kind angel would deign to enlighten me about them. But the days of genii, and wizards, and magic glasses are past, and angels' visits are very, very few and far between."

"Oh, no! they are not," said Rose, "if we only had eyes to see them: you will believe me yet. But how about the automaton 'Zoe?' I have never seen her yet. What is she like? They say the old automaton 'Psycho' has fallen in love with her and is quite off his head."

II.

I thought very little about ghosts, or indeed anything else, when I got to my chamber that night. I was too tired for thinking, and very soon went to bed. Next morning was Christmas Day, and according to all immemorial legends and tales, the country ought to have been lying under a close white coverlet of snow; the holly-trees, with their red berries, should have been stuffed with the powdery crystals; and the lanes should have looked like the galleries of some ivory palace under the intricate network of snow-laced boughs. But our Christmas Day was mild and almost balmy—a green yule. A light grey fog lay in the hollows, a mellow sunshine enlivened the moist air, and gilded the bare twigs of the trees against the blue sky. It was a quiet, still, genial day after the boisterous night before, and there was a Sabbath calm about it in keeping with the time.

In the afternoon we all went to service in the village church. I walked there beside Miss Ethel, and returned along with Miss Rose, exchanging places with Mr. Heywood. It was only a short walk across the park to church, so we did not have much conversation; but it was a happy time for me. Ethel seemed so kind, charming, and withal sensible, that I wished the time would never change, the walk never come to an end. Rose was in capital humor, and asked me if I had not had any communications from the spirits during the night. I said that they might have been in legions round my night-cap, playing at bo-peep in my ears, and pirouetting on my nose, for all I knew or cared, I was so tired out last night and had slept so soundly.

"I see you are a skeptic," she said, "you are spirit-proof. Even 'Allie Slade' would not convince you."

"I am a lawyer," I replied, "and like to see black on white."

"But I suppose you would be satisfied with white on black, and that is what 'Allie' would give you with her slate."

"I think we lawyers rather exposed 'Allie's slate writing.'"

"That is a matter of opinion. You had popular prejudice on your side, and played upon it to great purpose. You couldn't explain the raps, and lights, and the ringing of bells. Ah! there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are comprehended in Coke and Blackstone."

In the afternoon Charley Deben and his brother Frank, who had just come home from abroad, Mr. Heywood, and I took a long walk, and returned to the Hall in time to dress for dinner, which was served earlier than usual.

At dinner, I found myself between Rose Herrick and Ethel Deben. The meal was a substantial specimen of old English Christmas cheer refined by modern taste and science. We were a merry party. Charley Deben and his brother Frank were especially entertaining. The host and hostess looked the picture of good-humored happiness; and the old Vicar of the parish, with his ruddy but refined features, and thin grey locks, smiled again and again at the ready sallies of youth, and toasted Ethel with a grave but fatherly courtesy that was almost a benediction.

After dinner we had music and games, dancing and acting charades. Often during the dance my eyes furtively sought out Ethel, and stole a gaze at her radiant beauty. If her eyes chanced to turn in my direction, I was quick to lower mine or avert them. I danced several times with her, and found her ever the same; charming, gentle, natural, and true, with apparently no vestige of affectation in her whole demeanor. Heywood led her to the floor a great many times, and seemed very attentive to her. Her manner was at least as gracious to him as to me. If any jealous feeling crossed me, I sought out Rose Herrick as soon as I could, in order to regain a proper tone.

Supper was another meal almost as substantial as dinner. By this time the old vicar and one or two more had taken their departure, so that the party was smaller, but even more convivial. It was not very late when we broke up for the night—at least, I do not think it was. When I got to the sitting-room, in which the bed room opened, I drew an easy-chair before the fire and sank into it. I was in that delicious frame of mind induced by good cheer, well seasoned with good wine, good company, but above all with love. I was deeply in love with Ethel Deben. There was no questioning it. My chamber was a cosy, old-fashioned place, with high wainscoting of carved oak, blackened by time. There was a quaint look about the ancient place, and it seemed to me the very acme of comfort on a winter night. A fagot fire blazed and crackled cheerily in the grate, and cast flickering lights on the furniture and damask curtain hangings of the window; for I had turned the lamp low in order to recede within my own thoughts. The wind, which had been laid all day, now began to bestir itself and hurry round the chimney-tops. I felt inspired with a poem—a poem expressing my present happiness and my love. My heart struggled for utterance, and a feeling of inspiration grew upon me. I was possessed by the muse. A little writing table stood near, with writing materials all handy, and kindly provided for my use by a thoughtful hostess, or perhaps by Ethel herself. I drew it close to my elbow and prepared myself to write. The thoughts came glowing, but disjointed and incoherent, from my heart. I wrote them down as they came, intending to put them into verse form afterwards. I wished now only to express my confused happiness and passion. I covered sheet after sheet in a few moments with the rapidity of a short-hand writer, and then I stopped, having worked off the superabundant feeling. I began to declaim to myself what I had written and to polish it into form.

"Vision of Beauty, gliding through my life,"
I commenced, in a fine and elevated voice.
"Ethereal goddess haunting dismal groves,
And bringing to men, lost in the earthly haze,
A glimpse of azure fields and ivory gates
In the Ideal regions, too much forgot.
Divine Ethel!"

I stopped to correct this into "Ethel divine," and almost fancied that I heard a sound of mocking laughter quite close to my face. I listened, and could hardly believe my senses, but I seemed still to catch a light laugh—a faint, tiny, muffled kind of laugh, but yet perfectly distinct. It seemed to be in the air and to hover over the table. There was nothing on the table but my writing-paper and blotting-book, and inkbottle, a pen-holder, and a pen-wiper. The holder was a representation of Cleopatra's Needle, open at the top to insert the handles of pens; and the wiper was made up in the form of an Egyptian sphinx, and was at the same time a pin-cushion. It was a neat little sphinx in dark red cloth, with a woman's head. The body served for the pin-cushion, and the pedestal for the wiper. That was all the table contained. I fancied I must have been dreaming, or perhaps I had taken too much wine. I was a sleepy fool, and ought to get off to bed as fast as possible; but the mysterious voice again seemed to break silence. This time it spoke, and seemed to issue from the sphinx, whose impassive face regarded me with a calm and rigid solemnity.

"Child of mortals," said the sphinx, "know that the immortals brook no comparison with things of clay. Cease thy futile ravings, thy incomprehensible cries of a passion that is as fleeting as thy ephemeral race, which is as the grass that is cut down."

"Who art thou?" I demanded, in a clear but forced voice.

"I am the Oracle of Tum. I know all that is past and all that is to come. Excuse metre."

"Wilt thou answer the questions I would put to fate?"

"I will."

"Oracle of Tum, thou knowest I love. Deign to tell me if there is hope for me in my attachment. Answer—Aye or no!"

"Child of mortals," replied the sphinx, "know that there is no——Good night!" And the voice abruptly ceased.

The silence recalled me to my senses, and I was certainly surprised at myself. Was it an illusion I had suffered, such as I had often read about? Was I ill? Had the wine really gone to my head? And then I suddenly remembered Rose Herrick's banter about the haunted room. Too surely it was haunted, but by a real spirit? I was sceptical of ghosts and spiritualism; but it seemed that the superstitious fibre, which I believe exists in every man, was strangely vibrating in me now. What if after all there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy! As to the answer of the spirit, I can't say it troubled me then. I was too much concerned about my strange experience.

III.

Next morning when I awoke, with the genial sunshine streaming into my window, the event of the past night seemed like a curious dream or nightmare, and I almost persuaded myself that I had been the subject of some waking dream; which are common enough, although I had never experienced one myself before. Still, I was not perfectly satisfied with this explanation; the whole affair seemed to me so real. I determined, however, to say nothing about it to anybody, and when Rose Herrick twitted me again at the breakfast table about ghosts, I vowed an utter immunity from any of their clandestine visitations. I thought I observed a suppressed smile on her lips, but she only replied—

"Ah, then! Mr. Temple, I'm afraid the spirits think they will make no impression on your hard legal soul."

I was left alone the greater part of this day—the day after Christmas. In the morning the young ladies, Miss Ethel and Miss Rose, and some of the children, paid a visit to a neighboring family, Mr. Heywood driving them. Charley Deben, his brother Frank, and some more went out shooting. I remained at home, having some letters to write, and wishing to be alone. I was somewhat sulky and jealous at Heywood's monopoly of Ethel during the entire day. She sat beside him on the front seat of the trap, and they went off very gaily together, Rose Herrick laughing and waving her hand back to me as I stood rather glumly at the door. I found the drawing-room empty when I went in-doors, and was not sorry at it. I lay down on a lounge and reflected over my visit. It had been a happy one, yet an unhappy one. In Ethel's company I was happy, and yet I was stung by the presence of Heywood, and the attentions he paid her. I reasoned with myself, and came to the conclusion that it was silly on my part, and useless, to be discomfited by anything of the kind. I convinced myself that I ought to act as if she was no more to me than Rose Herrick. I was spoiling my holiday by my absurd fancies, and if I could not master myself, the sooner I left for town the better. "Yes," I said to myself, "I will make my exit to-morrow, or at least as soon as I can get away." Then I fell to thinking of my uncanny experience with the sphinx. I was not satisfied that it was an illusion of the senses, and yet I could think of no possible explanation of it. It could not be a trick, for there was no mechanism about the little table, with its slender stem and two knick-knacks. Ventriloquism, too, was out of the question. I did not know what to make of it. It occurred to me to consult the library about "illusions," "dreams," "spiritualism," &c., and I went to it at once. On the library table lay a collection of newspapers and periodicals, some of which were scientific, others popular. There was an electrical journal amongst the former, with an illustrated cover which interested me. I took it up, and it opened at a marked page. The mystery of the sphinx was at once revealed. On this page was a diagram representing the practical use of a new invention called the telephone, an instrument for conveying actual speech by means of electricity. It was the first I had heard of the articulating telephone.

I saw it all now. Charley's brother Frank was an electrician by profession, and he had brought home with him two small telephones. The girls had conceived the idea of tricking me by their means, and had got him to fix up a telephone wire for them, while they had skillfully enclosed the little instrument in the sphinx pin cushion on the writing-table. No doubt they had the other telephone at the other end of the wire in a convenient place, where they could use it without being seen or heard, and thus by speaking into it they were enabled to act the Oracle of Tum, since the telephone inside the sphinx reproduced whatever sounds they made. This revelation filled me with glee and triumph. I now recollected about the laughter at the beginning, and sudden stoppage of the oracle at the end of the conversation I had had with the sphinx; and as I did not doubt that Rose Herrick played the oracle, I imagined that Ethel had suddenly ended the *seance* by forcibly stopping her mouth.

I went to my sitting-room and examined the sphinx and table. Sure enough, I felt the hard frame of the telephone inside the pin-cushion, and traced the wire, a fine silk-covered wire, like thread, down the leg of the table, under the carpet, and up the wall, till it joined the ordinary bell-wire of the room, which had been utilized as part of the telephone circuit.

Evening came, and the young ladies returned. I met them with my usual manner. They had had a splendid day, and so wished I had been along with them. I had quite lost myself, moping up in the house all day. The shooting party arrived soon after, and we all spent a comfortable, sociable evening in the drawing-room, with music and conversation.

When the ladies retired for the night, I was not long in following suit. I went at once to my chamber, and took my seat as quietly as possible beside the little writing-table, and applied my ear to the sphinx. I could hear indistinct sounds, as of speaking, and occasionally a little low laughter. In a few moments the sounds became more distinct, and I heard perfectly, as well as recognised, the voices of the speakers—Rose and Ethel!

"I wonder if he is in his room yet?" said Rose.

"Oh, no, he can't be," said Ethel; "gentlemen never break up all at once."

"Now, Ethel, after stopping me last night, confess you do like Mr. Temple—a little."

"Well, then, I do like him—a little."

"And you don't care for Mr. Heywood—not much."

"And I don't care for Mr. Heywood—not much; but I know who does."

This was indeed a revelation to me. The blood rushed into my face, and my heart palpitated so that I feared they might hear it through the telephone.

"Who would have thought Mr. Temple was a poet?" said Rose.

There was a period of silence. Then I heard a voice issuing from the sphinx in lofty and solemn tones. It was the voice of the Oracle of Tum.

"Child of mortals," it began, "where art thou?"

"Oracle of Tum," I replied, "here am I."

"Wouldst thou know to whom thy destiny is linked in future? Wouldst thou know the fate that hangs over thy love? Wouldst thou lift the veil of the unknown to gaze upon the features of thy beloved? Thou whose soul is yearning for a daughter of thy transient race, wouldst thou know if she loves thee?"

"Oracle of Tum," I replied, in a calm and measured accent, "know I am indifferent. Know that a child of mortals, that passionate and feeble race which you seem to despise, can also display the unshaken self-command of an immortal. I solicit no revelations from destiny; I am content to wait with fortitude. Oracle of Tum, I am indifferent."

I heard a half-suppressed "Oh my!" and that was all. Need I say I went to bed one of the happiest of men.

The next morning I preserved my usual gravity at breakfast, and read my letters diligently, but with agitated thoughts. During the forenoon I found an opportunity to seek Miss Ethel in the garden, where she happened to be alone.

"Miss Ethel," I said, as we reached an arbor at the end of the Pear tree Walk, "I had a strange experience last night."

She blushed very deeply, and turned aside her head.

"Did you ever hear the Oracle of Tum?"

"Ethel," I said earnestly, taking her hand, "you know that I love you. I am here to ask you if you return my love—to ask you if you will be my wife."

Ethel Deben was as true then as she had ever been. I took her in my arms and she laid her beautiful head on my breast.

At this moment there was a light foot on the walk and a light laugh on the air. We looked up, and saw Rose Herrick tripping towards us with a roguish look in face, while Mr. Heywood stood behind at the far end of the walk.

"Destiny has revealed itself at last," she said, in coming forward.

"In spite of Tum's great oracle," I replied.

"Well, did I not tell you that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in your philosophy?"

"Name them," said I.

"Why, the telephone. And did I not tell you that there were angels still who came to do good deeds to men?"

"Who are they?"

"Why, myself," answered Rose.

"That is Mr. Heywood at the end of the walk. Had we not better go to him?" said Ethel.

"That is my own Tum," said Rose, "and henceforth I am his own exclusive oracle."

London girls receive one cent for embroidering the clock on a stocking.

News of Interest

The Shah of Persia is on his way to Europe again.

The first railroad in America was run in August, 1831.

There are pastures in Western Texas 20 miles in length.

Pennsylvania furnished 372,384 men during the rebellion.

Telephone companies are organizing in many of the large cities.

Every time a train stops on the Pennsylvania Railroad it costs $2.

A sea frog was captured on the coast of Florida that weighed 219 pounds.

The Fenian excitement on the Canadian border continues without abatement.

It is estimated that American tourists will leave $20,000,000 in Europe this year.

New Jersey makes three-fourths of the leerlee manufactured in the United States.

The proposed Centenary of American Methodism in 1885 is to be held in Baltimore.

The favorite fruit of the Parisians is the apple, the sale of which is regulated by law.

The artificial ice sold in the South is delivered in beautiful cubes of exactly 100 lbs. each.

The Parisian press numbered in 1877 no less than 495 different newspapers and serials.

Thomas J. Clay, a grandson of Henry Clay is a soldier in the regular army in Texas.

Coined money was known among the Chinese in the eleventh century before Christ.

Flexible asbestos, an incombustible material, is being woven into paper and other commodities.

The United States building at the Paris Exposition is said to be "a marvel of common place ugliness."

The beer gardens outside the Paris Exhibition grounds cover as much space as the Exposition buildings.

The son of Mr. Worth, the costume deviser of Paris, is about to be married to an American young lady.

A bill has been passed by the New York assembly which gives superannuated policemen a yearly pension of $300.

General Sherman and sixty lesser generals will parade in the streets of New York, in full uniform, on Decoration day.

King Humbert has subscribed $200,000 to a monument which the city of Turin is about to erect to Victor Emmanuel.

The Prince of Wales lately dined in Paris with an American, Mrs. Von Hoffman, where Lady Mandeville is now staying.

Commodore Vanderbilt's widow, it is said, is soon to marry a Southern gentleman, who, it is inferred, is not seventy-six years old.

M. Faure, the celebrated baritone, demanded $6,000 for singing four times in Madrid on the occasion of Alfonso's marriage.

The English journals note that the war spirit has not a very inspiriting effect upon literature. The war songs of the day are idiotic.

In Arizona there are four men to one woman. Servant girls get $25 and upward a month, and there is an increasing demand for them.

Secretary Schurz attributes his recent illness to the large quantities of green tea he has been drinking to make him wakeful for night work.

Intimate friends of John Morrissey say that his property will not realize over $30,000, and that the estate will not settle up his indebtedness.

A Chinaman about to die lies with his feet toward the door, in order that his soul on leaving the body may have free exit on its way to Elysium.

Four hundred and twenty choirs lift their noises to heaven in London churches each Sunday morning, with hired voices to the number of 18,000.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, has written a letter to destroy the impression that he is a Universalist. He believes, however in repentance after death.

The Czar has attained his sixtieth birthday, and thus has broken the spell which was supposed to doom every Romanoff to death before that age.

The soprano and bass in a Houston, Texas, church choir have been arrested and put under bonds for disturbing the peace by inharmonious singing.

The Russo-Turkish war was declared on April 24th, 1878, and peace was signed March 3d, 1878—313 days afterward. The cost per day is estimated by a Russian authority at about $1,750,000.

Devoe Bailey, of New Castle, N. Y., is probably the oldest Mason in America. He was 97 years old in February; joined the fraternity when 22, and has therefore been a member for 75 years. He is healthy and lively.

General McClellan is strong in muscle. Once while conversing with a party of friends on the subject of physical strength, he took a silver quarter of a dollar from his pocket and bent it between his forefinger and thumb.

The artistic sensation of Paris is an artist named Andre Gunther, who draws large audiences nightly to see him paint a landscape in five minutes, a portrait in six, and two different pictures at once, one with each hand.

The London World says that the rumored engagement between an Irish peer and the sister of an American gentleman (James Gordon Bennett) who has this year had a house at Melton, is rumor and nothing more. The lady is a Roman Catholic and the peer an Orangeman. It is therefore impossible.

Mr. Edison, who has within a twelve-month made his name a household word in the scientific, social and business world, was married in 1873 to Miss Mary Stillwell, of Newark, N. J. They have two children, a boy four years old and a girl two years, who are nicknamed Dot and Dash, after the characters in the Morse alphabet.

Mr. Weld, the head of a famous old Roman Catholic family in England, one of the members of which was a cardinal fifty years ago, made a will which did not encourage his children to become priests or nuns. If the sons take orders, they are to have $20,000 instead of $60,000; if the daughters enter nunneries, $10,000 instead of $30,000.

Charles Dickens was never so happy as when brewing luscious sips of claret cup or punch. Wilkie Collins always delights in making presents to every one—a pleasant weakness for his friends. The late Mark Lemon, editor of *Punch*, was always in his seventh heaven when acting as amateur billiard marker at any country house.

Royal personages of the present day appear to have a special tendency for literary and musical composition. Thus amongst authors and poets we have Queen Victoria, the Queen of Sweden, the Imperial Princess of Germany, King Louis of Portugal, and the Emperor of Brazil, to say nothing of the Shah of Persia; while now a number of Latin poems by Pope Leo XIII. are to be translated into Italian and published after his Holiness's revision. The Pope has also written a good deal of Italian poetry.

A Newer and Fresher Lustre

is imparted to beauty by LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which invests the complexion with unrivaled clearness, and emphasizes the effect produced by pleasing features and a graceful figure. There is no superficial blemish which it will not remove, and the roughest skin is rendered as soft as velvet by its use. No injurious minerals enter into its composition; consequently it may be applied with the utmost freedom and safety. It is, in fact, the only preparation of the sort without a drawback.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

A young year's freshness in the air,
A springtide color to the wood;
The flowers in spring time most are fair,
And life in spring time most is good—
For what I will not let you hear
Until the summer is a-near.

A summer all of burning lights,
With crimson roses passion-red,
And moonlight for the hot white nights,
And jasmine flowers, sweet, dew-fed.
Why has each rose a double scent?
You may divine when it is spent.

Autumn with shining yellow sheaves,
And garnered fruit, and half regret
To watch the dreary falling leaves
And leaden skies above them set;
And why e'en autumn can seem dear
Perchance you'll guess, when winter's here.

Winter, in wide snow covered plains,
And drifting sleet and piercing wind,
That chills the blood within our veins,
But our warm hearts can never find—
Ah, little love, you guess, I know,
What warms our hearts in spite of snow!

THE

Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

"She looks the lady of the soil, every inch of her," she said.

"Yes—but only fancy being born to this, and settling down to Wyvill's Court."

As soon as the men arrived they went in to luncheon, which was spread in the long dining-room. Graham sat at the head of the table, and Sir Gore at the foot.

"This is your place," she whispered to Noel, who sat next to her.

"Your wealth troubles me he said seriously."

"Ah, I've no doubt it will. You will have your hands full when you've all this place to look after, you lazy boy, who grumble so hard at morning stables and afternoon parade."

"I didn't mean in that way at all."

"What then?"

"I mean you are giving me every good gift, while I——"

"Don't!" said Graham sharply. "I cannot bear to hear you speak like that. I cannot help having money besides"—with a roguish smile, "we shall find it useful enough when we get a regular staff of servants and the house full of company."

Noel laughed with her.

And then Graham began pointing out to him the various objects of interest in the room.

"That picture over the fireplace is a portrait of my mother. Was she not beautiful?"

"Very."

"There is another in the gallery which I will show you afterwards. That is my father over the sideboard. The little brown one next to it is a Vandyke, and worth its weight in gold; so is the portrait of Charles the First, by the same painter. That fair girl with the blue eyes is my great-aunt, and is by Gainsborough; and next to it is an original of Landseer's. These are all the pictures. Do you see that black oak sideboard? That has been in the family for over five hundred years. I suppose our ancestors would call it a press. The chairs and side-tables are of a later date. Oh, they have finished then," referring to the guests. "Let us go and see the armor. We have a good collection, for my father's mother was a De Bohun—indeed the the last of the De Bohuns, as I am the last of the Falconers. She brought her collection here after her marriage. That suit is of the time of Coeur de Lion, and this cuirass and sword belonged to a De Bohun, who died for the cause of a martyr king. I need not have told you that my ancestor was a Cavalier," she said, with the stately royalty of the old Scottish race. "This suit was the same, I believe, which Prince Rupert wore on some memorable occasion—I forget now when. Those you see are all of the De Bohun family; but this helmet and shield did good service for the Pretender, and that sword belonged to that most unhappy prince himself. Now come and see the pictures."

"You see this sad-looking girl with golden hair and dark eyes? They say I resemble her strongly."

"So you do," answered Noel. "But I hope I shall never see such a look of hopeless misery on my darling's face as that."

"I don't think you ever will from the cause that brought it into hers. I will tell you her story. It is a very sad one, but it has always had a strange fascination for me. Her name was Helen Falconer, and she was the only child and heiress of Douglas Falconer, the lord of the soil. When only seventeen she was betrothed to her cousin Robert, who, but for her, would have been the heir—that is he, the very fair man next her. They were passionately in love with each other, and the engagement, besides being very agreeable to the family, was a real love affair on both sides. Well, Douglas Falconer was killed suddenly—indeed he felt over the cliff one dark night—and he had made no will; therefore every shilling of the estate went to Robert. For his daughter there was hardly anything. Robert swore that it would make no difference—said that it was rather an advantage, that there would be no trouble with the lawyers, and a great deal more; and matters went on as if no such change had come. The wedding day was fixed, and great preparations were being made, when Robert was obliged to go to London on business. There he met a very beautiful Spanish woman, the Donna Inez Fernandez, a woman no longer young, of good family, but as poor as she was wicked, and for her he forsook his first love, the true-born gentlewoman who would have loved him whilst, for her the world lasted. After her father's death Helen stayed on in the Castle, and Robert kept his old quarters down in the house which is now the Manse; but, when he wished to bring home his foreign bride, Ordmore was no longer a place for Helen. She had no relatives save an old aunt, who had always lived with Douglas Falconer, and, almost penniless, she was about to face the world and strive to maintain them both. The resolve of the young mistress crept out amongst the people, and spread until it reached the ears of the master of Linley, Andrew Fairlie. He, it was well known, had from earliest childhood been hopelessly in love with Helen, and now, in her hour of bitter sorrow and need, he came forward and asked her to marry him. 'I know you don't love me,' he said bravely, 'but let me love you. Only give me the right to try to make you love me, and never fear but I'll put that scoundrel out of your heart.' So she married him. They say it was years before she forgot her false love, or her eyes lost that wistful, sad look; but in the end Andrew Fairlie's loyal, brave love looked victorious, and he won for himself the only heart he had ever wished to call his own. Robert brought his wife home, and for a time all went bravely. Then it began to be whispered abroad that everything at the Castle was not as it should be. It was said that Madam's dark eyes could blaze like fire, and that often enough her shrill voice, with its strong foreign accent, could be heard half way to the village, rating her husband, or scolding the servants. Robert had long since discovered what she was—a bad-tempered, passionate, vindictive shrew; then of course he wanted his gentle sweetheart back again."

"He was an awful fool to have parted with her at all," put in Noel. "I wouldn't with mine."

"At last the crash came," continued Graham. "One fine morning Madam was not to be found, and it was discovered that all the time her good old family had been a myth, and that she was the wife of a needy refugee—no more the Donna Inez Fernandez than I am. Eventually my great grand-father married a daughter of Hugh Featherstone, but he never forgot nor ceased longing for Helen, his jilted love, who, unfortunately for him, had learned to appreciate the value of a real love."

"Have you a portrait of Donna Inez now?"

"Yes—that one in yellow. Why, Noel," she cried, laughing, "you look quite impressed by my family history! Can I not tell a story well?"

"Very. You do everything——"

"Oh, here you are!" cried a voice, which they recognized as Hilda Valentine's. "We have been looking for you everywhere. The gentlemen are waiting for you, Mr. Hammersley."

"I think I will not shoot any more. I'll drive the drag back, if I may," proposed Noel.

"Do," said Dorothy. "James can go back on the box of our carriage."

"Who is to go in front?" asked Hilda of Nell.

"Graham, of course," said Nell, quite shortly.

"Why of course?"

"Because Noel wants her."

"'Noel,'" repeated Hilda very significantly.

"Oh, I'm not engaged to him, though I use his Christian name."

"That was one to Miss Hilda," said Nell, when she told Graham about it afterwards.

"This is better than shooting," said Noel, as they rolled out of the courtyard and across the bridge.

"So I should think. When we are through the gates, will you let me have the reins?"

Noel looked down doubtfully at her slender hands, in their dog-skin driving-gloves.

"Can you manage a pair? They are fresh, and pull a little."

"I can drive four-in-hand" answered Graham. "I have driven Gore Fairlie's drag many a time."

As soon as they were safely in the road he surrendered the reins to her, and for a mile or so no one was cognizant of the change. Nell was the first to find it out.

"Are you driving, Graham?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hilda, "I don't like it at all! I am sure Miss Falconer will upset us. I feel so much safer when I know that Mr. Hammersley is driving. Oh, please don't let her drive, Mr. Hammersley!"

Noel said something in an undertone to Graham, at which she shook her head resolutely and administered a cut to the horses which sent them along at a pace which elicited a scream from Miss Valentine.

"I shall jump out—I am sure I shall jump!"

"You will do nothing of the sort. For goodness' sake don't make an exhibition of yourself. Can't you see he's laughing at you?"

"Do make her give up the reins, Miss Wyvill!"

"I might as well try to make the moon speak," said Nell, with supreme contempt. "Don't you know the Falconer motto is, 'we dare?'"

Graham kept up the pace till they pulled up at the hall door at Linley. Then she jumped down and came up to Hilda, who was somewhat excited.

"I hope I did not frighten you much, Miss Valentine. You know I am a Falconer—and we of that ilk are most terribly obstinate; and I was so annoyed to think that any one could question my capabilities as a driver that I never considered your nerves."

"Miss Falconer drives ever so much better than I do," said Noel; "so your fears were quite groundless, Miss Valentine."

"Ah, but I feel ever so much safer with you!" returned Hilda lackadaisically.

"I think you had better come and lie down awhile," said Dorothy, smothering her inclination to laugh, and mindful of her duties as hostess. "Come up to my room dear. A cup of tea will do you good."

Handsome Nell laughed outright.

"A good five-mile walk would do her more good. I am going upstairs with Molly. I suppose you are going for a walk, Graham?"

Most of the ladies accompanied Lady Fairlie to the boudoir, and Noel and Graham were left alone.

CHAPTER XII.

September, the fairest month of the English year, had passed away, and ruddy October, with her mellow sunsets and soft breezes, was come in her place.

The town of Idleminster was almost deserted. All the men of position were off shooting, and all the wealthier trades-people had taken their wives or families to the seaside or elsewhere. One might have passed along St. Thomas street at noon without meeting twenty people. Such as were still left in the town asked with grave faces and significant nods what the last news was about poor Wyvill. For George Wyvill lay sick unto death in the house in the close. Nell and Graham had been back a week from Sir Gore Fairlie's when Molly, at the sick man's request, was sent for. It was well that she came and received forgiveness, for, three days later, her father breathed his last. So Wyvill Court was closed, and the family, with hushed footsteps and subdued voices, wandered from room to room. None of the children put on any great show of grief; it would have been hypocrisy to do so. They kept to their own sanctum, and, though now and then they so far forgot the dead man lying in the house as to give utterance to a laugh, yet, on the whole, maintained the quietude befitting so solemn a time.

Strangely enough the widow was inconsolable. She seemed to have forgotten the years of unkindness and ill-temper; she remembered only that the father of her children was taken away. After the manner of some women, she put away everything that was bad in the dead man's character, and thought only of the good.

The hot, weary days passed away, then came the funeral, and once more the blinds were drawn up and the yellow autumn sunlight streamed inquisitively through the old-fashioned casement windows, peering and flickering about the room and on the bed where the dead man had lain, as though determined to search out the cause of its having been excluded during the few preceding days.

By the death of her uncle, the guardianship of Graham devolved upon Miss Wyvill, and, as soon as could be arranged, she and Nell were to accompany their aunt to her London home. Mrs. Wyvill was to remain at Wyvill's Court with Francis, who had very luckily contrived to step into his father's appointment, and the education of the younger children was to undergo no change. It was nearly three months after Mr. Wyvill's death before the two girls were settled in London. For more than a year their deep mourning prevented them from visiting, but soon after that time Miss Wyvill announced that at the next Drawing-room Graham must be presented.

"Her Majesty is to hold a Drawing-room in April," she said one February afternoon when the three were sitting round the fire; "and who do you think is coming to town for it?"

"Not Hilda Valentine?" interrogated Graham.

"No!" exclaimed Nell. "It's impossible."

"It's quite true. Old Lady Fairlie told me this morning. She is going to present Janet at the same time."

"She will outshine you, Graham," laughed Nell.

"I've not the least doubt of it or objection. I suppose Dorothy is coming too?"

"Yes. I told Lady Fairlie they would not be able to say 'on her marriage,' but 'after the birth of an heir,'" said Miss Wyvill, "oh, she was as proud as possible!"

"I wonder what Hilda will go in," remarked Nell.

"Pink!" cried Graham, "deep rose-pink, and emeralds!"

"What a mixture! Have you quite made up your mind about your dress, my love?"

"Yes, auntie—white, all white—and then, at last, Hilda shall see the family jewels."

When the day came, Graham created a great sensation. As the richest heiress of the season, her appearance was eagerly anticipated; but, had she been as poor as the beggar-maid of poetical renown, her grace and beauty must have won for her the admiration of all beholders. From first to last her presentation was one triumph. Her dress was referred to in the fashionable papers as the toilet *par excellence* of the day. It was composed entirely of Honiton lace, worn over white silk, and her magnificent diamonds completely outshone every other suite in the room, saving, of course, the "Mountain of Light."

The men crowded to catch a glimpse of her, the women envied her, and the greatest lady in the land turned with unmistakable admiration to look at her the second time.

A few days after the Drawing-room, Noel obtained his long leave, and came to London to spend it. He saw almost as much of Graham as though they had been staying in the same house, for he spent all his mornings in Miss Wyvill's drawing-room, and contrived to meet Miss Falconer at the numerous concerts, afternoon teas, dinners, balls, and other galeties to which she was bidden.

On the last day of May they were all engaged to attend a ball given by Dorothy. On the following day Miss Wyvill, with her two charges and Noel Hammersley, were to go down to Lacy Park to visit Molly, and Dorothy and her husband were to follow a week later.

For the ball Graham had chosen a very pale green dress profusely embroidered with pink roses and lilies of the valley, and for her ornaments she wore pearls and pink coral.

Noel thought when she came into the room that he had never seen her look half so lovely. She was engaged to him for the first dance, and told him laughingly, when he came to claim it, that he had better secure any other he might want before they began.

"You are going to remain for the whole evening, are you not?"

"Oh, yes! We had two other invitations, but we promised not to desert Dorothy. Now let us begin—we are wasting this lovely waltz."

After it was over he saw very little of her until the supper waltz. For the first dance after they had had refreshments Graham was not engaged, and he drew her into a small boudoir opening out of the conservatory.

"Is not this perfect?" he said, sinking down beside her on the couch.

"Yes—after the hot ball-room it is really lovely. How do you like my dress, Noel?"

"Very much, my darling. But you know that I always like everything you wear."

Then there was a long pause, during which Noel busied himself with placing the little hand of his *fiancee* alongside of his own broad palm. Both were too intensely happy to say much. At last Noel broke the silence:

"My darling!"

"Yes, Noel."

"How much longer are you going to keep me waiting?"

"Waiting?"

"Yes, my precious! Ah, my treasure, I can't hold out any longer—I must have you! After next week I shall have to go back to that wretched barrack life—huge dinners, mad rioting and senseless jokes. Don't condemn me too much for it. Tell me, darling, when will you give yourself to me?"

"Whenever you like, Noel."

"Then let me see your trustees at once."

"Will there be much trouble?"

"I should think so—you are not an ordinary person, who can get tied up in half an hour."

"My trustees are Gore Fairlie and the Macdonalds."

"My darling," whispered he passionately, "can it be possible that I am really going to have you all for my own? Oh, my little love, how I will try to make you happy."

Graham was naturally impulsive, but strong emotion always had the effect of making her silent.

Whilst Noel Hammersley poured out a torrent of tenderest affection, she only sat, her hands close clasped in his, her soft dark eyes gazing straight into his blue ones.

"Why don't you speak?" he said at last.

She drooped her pretty blonde head until it lay against his breast.

"I am too happy to speak," she murmured. "I am so intensely happy to-night that I feel it cannot last. I feel almost wicked to be so happy."

"Silly little woman," he said, laughing. "Then you think me such a wretch that it is wicked to love me?"

"Now, Noel, you know that I did not mean that; Nell would say you were fishing."

"I would fish willingly all day long for the sake of one little kind word from you."

"So you are hiding here!" cries Nell, coming in with her partner. "Oh, Graham, you are in sad disgrace. Lord Charles Cardale has been looking for you everywhere—here he is!"

"Oh, Lord Charles, I am so sorry," said Graham.

"So am I," returned that young gentleman, who was a great admirer of Graham; "but there is a little of the galop left—will you finish it?"

"Oh yes, with pleasure."

She went away with a gay glance at Noel, who stood watching them with infinite tenderness in his eyes as they met hers.

"Ah, you are a most lucky man," said Nell in an undertone as she passed out.

But, if Noel answered at all, the answer was lost. When Graham had danced again with him, Miss Wyvill took her charges away.

"You are both worn out already, and remember that a journey into Yorkshire is no joke. Now be sure you are not late, Mr. Hammersley—the train leaves King's Cross at noon."

"Trust me," answered Noel gaily. "Now, my darling, let me wrap this close around you. Good night; heaven bless my treasure!"

By chance Graham, as they drove away, put her head out of the carriage for a last glance at Noel as he stood under the blaze of the lamp.

Years after he remembered the trifling incident.

CHAPTER XIII.

At a quarter before twelve the three ladies, with their two maids, were standing on the platform of King's Cross Station, but no sign was there of Noel.

"Dear, dear, that boy will be late!" exclaimed Miss Wyvill, who was beginning to feel fidgety. "How tiresome those soldiers always are. I believe they take a positive pride in almost missing their train. He will rush up just as we are starting, and perhaps break his legs. Well, children, we had better be going on; he will find us, or, if he does not, it will serve him right."

Noel, however, did not come, and they started without him. Graham was grievously disappointed, but was cheered by the assurances of her companions that he would certainly come by the next train. They reached Lacy Park in safety, and twice during the evening was the carriage sent to Doncaster to meet the London train—but no Noel came.

"He may have been sent for suddenly by the Colonel," suggested Nell, who always made the regiment accountable for everything; "but there will certainly be a letter in the morning."

In the morning Graham came down, to find a letter in Noel's handwriting upon Molly's plate, and a thick packet addressed to herself upon her own. She opened it, and all her letters and little presents to Noel fell out upon the table. The only thing of value was a diamond ring, which rolled away into a corner, as though ashamed of coming back to its original owner.

Graham sat staring blankly at the various articles, asking herself:

"What does it mean?"

Almost immediately Molly came in and opened her letter, which she read twice over, and laid down, saying:

"It is very strange!"

Graham, in an agony of suspense, was trembling violently.

"Tell me Molly—what is it?"

Molly handed her the note, and turned away to the window.

It ran thus:

"Army and Navy Club.

My dear Mrs. Lacy—I am very sorry that I cannot avail myself of your kind invitation to visit you. With king regards, I am Yours truly,

NOEL HAMMERSLEY."

"What does it mean?" asked Graham piteously.

"It means, my poor darling," said Molly, with infinite tenderness, "that Noel Hammersley is a villain.

"No, no, not that—don't say that!" gasped Graham. "There is some mistake."

"My love, you must put that idea away forever," said her cousin, feeling it was best and kindest to face the worst at once; "he is not worthy of your love or your regret. You must remember that you are a Falconer and forget him."

The desolation of utter blankness overwhelmed her, and she fell suddenly at Molly's feet.

"Oh, merciful heaven, she is dead!" shrieked Molly. "Help, Jack!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CURIOUS will case has just been decided. In February 1875, a lady made a will properly signed and sealed, bequeathing her property to certain legatees named in it. She afterwards became insane, and in August last being still insane, she obtained possession of the will, and destroyed it, shortly after which she died. Then parties named in this will as legatees then appeared in court, proved the contents of the will, and asked to have it revised and probated, claiming that it was actually her last will, and that because of her after insanity, she had not the legal power to revoke it, either by destroying it, or making another one. After a thorough hearing, the judge rendered a decision sustaining the claim, and the will was accordingly revised and probated as asked.

A gentleman who recently died left to his wife by will, "all his household effects and all his wearing apparel for her sole use." She had, undoubtedly, become accustomed to wearing a certain portion of his wardrobe, which rendered his legacy valuable.

In Nubia as soon as a girl is married her mother is forbidden by law ever to speak to her, under pain of being roasted on the spit. Here is an opportunity for bachelors desiring to marry, who have an overrating horror of the prospective mother in law.

A Clapperton, Pa., girl who was kind to a sick woman on the cars four years ago and wouldn't take anything for her trouble, has just received $90,000, the stranger, who had taken her name, saying: "You will be paid some day," having left her all her money.

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, publish Studies of the Creative Week, by Rev. Geo. D. Boardman. The purpose of this work is expressed by the author in his preface "to unfold the moral meaning which, he believes, is divinely infolded in the creation archive." These lectures were originally Sunday evening sermons. It includes a series of ably written discourses upon the geneses of the Universe, Order, Light, Sky, Lands, Plants, Luminaries, Animals, Man, Eden, Woman, Sabbath, Palingenesis, and appendix. One volume, 327 pages; bound in fine cloth. Price $1 50.

The same firm also publish The Godson of a Marquis, from the French of Andre Theuriet, being No. 9 of the collection of foreign authors issued by this firm. It is a story of much interest and sustained power; 288 pages. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., send us two of their unique and beautiful publications called *Science Primers*—one upon Greek Literature, the other upon Political Economy. These are most delightful little works to carry in the pocket to read in the cars or in the leisurely intervals of vacation. A whole library of such books could be carried in any pocket. They are 18 mo. volumes, beautifully printed, and bound in flexible cloth, and are sold at the moderate price of 45 cents each. All of the above works are for sale by the genial and wide-awake publishers, Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

MAGAZINES.

The Magazine of American History, for June, contains two fine historical papers—A Month Among the Records in London, and Early Coinage in America; a biographical sketch of Christopher Colles, the first projector of inland navigation in America, by the editor, illustrated with a fine steel portrait; Record of the Services of Constant Freeman, Captain of Artillery in the Continental Army, communicated by Wm. Lee; Reprints, Notes, Queries and Replies, and Literary Notices. There is a view of the Cortlandt Manor House, Croton, N. Y., as a frontispiece, which was designed to accompany the autobiography of Gen. Van Cortlandt, in May number.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, of London, Paris and New York, issue the initial number of a fine periodical called *The Magazine of Art*, illustrated. It is a most promising publication, issued in the best style of type and engraving, and contains papers upon live art topics by the best authorities on the subject of great merit. Price 25 cents per number. We wish it all possible success.

The Westminster Review, just republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay street, New York, and sent us by W. B. Ziebet, the agent in this city, contains articles on a great variety of subjects of vital interest at present. The Literature of the Servians and Croats treats of Servian history, its oldest documents, ballads and national songs, and a catalogue of the principal Servian and Crotian authors. Popular Buddhism, according to the Chinese canon, is a very masterly account of the doctrine of Buddha; An Indian District, its People and Administration, a minute description of the social and political condition of the Hindoo population; Peasant Life in France and Russia—considered in its relations to the priest, the doctor, and the dead; Our Present Convict System describes the leading features of the present system and suggests the general direction in which reform ought to be attempted; then follows the review of the Life of the Prince Consort, by Theodore Martin; there is strong ground taken against Russia in Russian Aggression and the Duty of Europe; Contemporary Literature and an article entitled India and Our Colonial Empire complete the number.

Popular Science Monthly for June contains a paper on the Age of Gymnastics. Herbert Spencer continues his interesting papers on the Evolution of Ceremonial Government, the history, derivation and significance of obeisance. Dr. George M. Bear continues his important discussion of Scientific Study of Human Testimony. Professor F. W. Clark contributes Scientific Courses of Study, an able paper; The Cardiff Giant and other frauds are discussed by Dr. A. G. Stockwell; C. S. Pierce write the fifth number of Illustrations of the Logic of Science—a paper called The Order of Nature; an important article in the number is that on Brain Forcing, by T. C. Allbutt, M. D.; the illustrated articles are, Water Waves and Sound Waves, by Lockyer; The Gigantic Extinct Armadillos, and The Pigmy Monkey. There is also a portrait and sketch of the late Prof. Hart.

Scribner's for June has an article by Linton the wood engraver called The Engraver, his function & Status. Mr. Russell Sturgis, writes concerning the work of George Cruikshank, with over twenty illustrations. The services of Mr. Marsh and Mr. Cole are enlisted to engrave Mr. Riordan's drawings which accompany Dr. Brewer's second paper on Bird-Architecture, which is devoted to the weaver-birds, including an account of an oriole with two wives. That Same Old Coon, by Frank R. Stockton, plays several characters, being a story of Virginia life,—a study in two kinds of dialect, and a practical treatise on coon and possum hunting; it is illustrated with a number of pictures. The Story of Lesken, by Miss Anna Eichberg, finds its hero in a musician of Wallack's Theater and its scene in Holland, and is illustrated in silhouette by Howard Pyle. Misery's Pear-Tree, a translation of a Flemish legend by Dr. W. Nichols has two sketches. The Eleventh Hour, a story, by Emma Lazarus, and the two serials, Roxy and His Inheritance, complete the fiction of the number. Others papers are: A New American Industry, by Charles Barnard, descriptive of fruit-evaporating, A White Day and a Red Fox, by John Burroughs; and Lying as a Fine Art; by W. L. Kingsley of *The New-Englander*, who examines the claims of Rev. Samuel Peters as an artist, basing them upon his History of Connecticut, from which extracts are given. Mrs. Piatt, Edward King, Caroline A. Mason, Maurice F. Egan, and others contribute the poetry of the number.

In the departments, Dr. Holland discusses the significance of Bayard Taylor's appointment, Crime in its own Element, and The Art of Speaking. The other departments contain some special articles, such as Improved Dwellings for worked people, with a ground plan, in The World's Work, and suggestions about the planting of Annuals in Home and Society. Mr. H. C. Bunner has in Bric-a-Brac some humorous verse in the old French metrical forms now attracting attention in England.

Wide Awake for June opens with a story of Mandy's Quilting Party. Then, after giving us, in Miss Brown's Child Toilers of Boston Streets, a glimpse into the life of the little Boot blacks, it takes us over the seas to A Market Day at Pau, which is well illustrated from a series of water-color studies on the spot. Following the Minnesota Serial of True Blue, comes the pictorial four-paged Classic of Babyland, —grim old Blue-Beard this time—from the pen of Mrs. Bates, which is illustrated. Mrs. Lillie's Shakespearean paper abounds in gossip. Mr. Talbot's General Misunderstanding thickens in mystery; August's Sperimenta, will be appreciated by the boys. Mrs. Miffit's Camel's Hair Shawl, is an excellent funny story, and is kept company by an amusing Misfortune in a corn-field of Little Miss Muslin, along with her cousin Miltiades Peterkin Paul, whom all the youngsters will be glad to see. The very little folks have their fun in the large print story, A Tree Incident in the Life of Mr. Thomas Grey, from the pen of G. M. S. Horton of the *N. Y. Tribune*. There are several fine illustrated poems, and then there is Puff, a prose bit by C. S. Pratt, fine as a poem, with several illustrations by Box.

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GRAINS OF GOLD.

Time is a ship which never casts its anchor.

Fast men, like fast rivers, are apt to be very shallow.

Men blame themselves but for the sake of being praised.

The man who is not loved is alone everywhere and with every one.

Success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the deeds of men.

Some mourn more the shame which sin brings, than the sin which brings the shame.

We esteem others not so much for what they are worth, as for what they are worth to us.

Nothing prevents a person from being natural and easy, so much as extreme anxiety to appear so.

As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair—for one we find real, there are nine false.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most loved.

All that is wise has been thought long ago; we must try, however, to think it again in a better way.

Use not evasion when required to do a good thing, nor excuses when reproached for doing a bad one.

Nothing convinces persons of weak understanding so effectually as something they do not understand.

Advice that is given arrogantly or sharply cannot be expected to be received with humility and gratitude.

Time is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured, if one actually fills it.

Take away from mankind their vanity and their ambition, and there would be only a few to claim either heroism or patriotism.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house, he replied: "Small as it is, I wish I could fill it with friends."

Some men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always believe that is right which is for their own interest.

We may be helped by friends, if by nothing more solid than the cheery encouragement of a greeting voice or the tender touch of a loving hand.

How learn to know yourself? Not by contemplation, but action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined them, and which they will not examine because they despise them.

A man should be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

There is no widow so utterly widowed in her circumstances as she who has a drunken husband; no orphan so destitute as he who has a drunken father.

There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences by saying less than the truth on others.

Never laugh at your own wit; leave that to others; nor trouble company with your private concerns, for yours are of as little importance to them as theirs to you.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Boston licenses organ grinders on condition that they shall not be accompanied by monkeys or small children, and that they shall stop playing when requested to by a citizen.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in the breast of another is to become a principal in the mischief.

Be not diverted from your study by any idle reflections the silly world may make on you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should be no part of your concern.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

If you are a wise man, you will treat the world as the moon does—show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at once, and let what you show be cool, calm and polished; but look at every side of the world.

In vain do they prate of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.

A muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time runs along by itself. A little further down, they unite and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a time keep its purity in foul company, but they finally unite.

Some people scorn to be taught; others are ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old; but it is never too late to learn what it is always necessary to know; and it is no shame to learn as long as you are ignorant—that is to say, so long as we live.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1878.

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PREMINIUMS. FARM AND GARDEN.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

FIRST-CLASS serials and short stories have become characteristic of the Post.

THE good influence of a healthy literature, such as the Post strives to encourage, can hardly be overestimated.

GOOD BOOKS, good pictures, and good papers are in demand; and if you can't get the best paintings by the best masters, get the oleograph copies. They are within the reach of all.

IT will be noticed that the space which is ordinarily occupied in many literary weeklies by large cuts of questionable merit, is in the Post devoted to solid reading matter of the best quality.

THERE is much in a paper and periodical which the general public who do not make reading a specialty, are apt to slight; but we venture to assert that the Post is read from first page to last, and we only have to produce the numerous testimonials from individual subscribers and from contemporaries—which we publish from time to time as space permits—to convince our readers of this fact. Nothing good in a paper will ever escape attention, and the Post endeavors to give its patrons nothing but what is good.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES speaks of three things that improve by age, namely—wine, violins, and meerschaums. The two latter improve through use, the first through rest. There are books which improve by being kept for years also, and the same ought to be true of literary papers. The "OLD" SATURDAY EVENING POST, as its friends and patrons call it, ought to be considered in the category of the good things which Holmes describes as improving by age. It has reached its age of wisdom and reflection, and if our readers will take the trouble to compare the present number with the initial number of August 4, 1821, which is on file in this office, they will see that the Post has decidedly improved by age.

NOVELTY in dress and ingenuity in the design thereof are all important in these days of fashion, which is verily scientific, and it requires a great artist like Worth, of Paris, to thoroughly understand this science of toilette. The French fashions for ladies will always be in vogue, and it is proper that our lady readers should know distinctly what such fashions are and how they can be applied to materials which will not exhaust the purse, for this is one of the great necessities of the times. Fashion Notes, in Ladies' Department on the eighth page, is the oracle to be consulted upon such questions, as it gives in two columns a well-digested and reliable compendium of the prevailing modes, the styles of the costumes, and their prices. The suggestion of the editor at the head of Fireside Chat ought to be read by all our lady readers, as it will be of benefit to them to respond.

THERE is to be held on June 11, 12 and 13, 1878, a grand annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association. This will be a mass convention, and every Sabbath school and Sabbath school organization in the State is entitled to representation; and it is ardently hoped the attendance and enthusiasm which shall mark this convention will greatly revive the good work of the association.

The leading railroads throughout the State connecting with and centreing at Williamsport have very kindly granted reduced rates of fare, tickets good from June 10 to 12 to start, and good to return until June 18, which will give all who desire—after the adjournment of the convention—an opportunity to extend their trip to Watkins' Glen, oil regions, or other near by famous resorts.

Entertainment and railroad information and orders will be furnished by Rev. Thomas E. Clapp, Williamsport, before June 5th.

For further information address Ed. S. Wagoner, State Secretary, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

EDUCATION.

The best education for boys and girls is that which fosters their individual tastes and propensities. Of course no tutor or parent is so well able to understand the bent of a young person's proclivities in regard to their future calling, as the young persons themselves; and they exhibit every trait and trace of natural gifts at a very early age. Without wishing to disparage collegiate education as an intellectual stimulus, we still insist that the eclectic system of study is probably the best which can be adopted by the pupil bent upon any particular study, or eager for ambition in any particular calling; and by the eclectic system we mean the privilege of the student to choose his own studies, and to attend just what lectures he sees fit to attend.

A common school education, the simple alphabet of learning, the ordinary every-day rules of arithmetic and mensuration, a knowledge of geography and of grammar, and then a general knowledge of English literature, ought to be the basis upon which every young student is to begin his special studies.

As regards history, much may be said for and against such a study as is embraced in the common school curriculum. If history is to be learned parrot-fashion as a mere memoranda of dates and events, it will fail to impress any student. On the contrary, if the scholar has a taste for historical study he will not pursue it as a mere series of questions and answers, but will read a regular course of history, ancient and modern, beginning with the primers and going into the text books, and then into the philosophy of history.

The same may be said as regards the languages. If the pupil has no taste or facility for acquiring languages, they ought to be discarded, for there will be no progress made by forcing conjugations and declensions into those who have not the "bump" of language. But to the born linguist all the intricacies of moods and tenses and cadences, and the idioms of foreign tongues come readily and pleasantly, and knowledge in this case is not only power but delight, and one language having been once acquired, it is very easy to acquire others.

On the whole it is better therefore to let the boy or girl pick out the studies he or she likes better than all others, and then the necessary text books upon such subjects having been furnished them, the young students work their own path in life, guided by the unerring compass of their respective talents.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"BEAUTY draws us by a single hair." Think of hair *seven* feet long. This is one of the curiosities of the Paris Exposition. It came from the head of a Norman girl, Meriot by name. It is real golden hair, luxuriant, and silky, and is quite a capillary attraction.

Now that the telephone has been invented, and Edison has caused a stir in the world by his phonograph, and auriphone, it strikes us that there is a good opportunity afforded to ambitious journalists to adopt titles of papers which will suggest this advance in science. The *Evening Telegraph* is a power in our city, but why not the *Evening Telegram*, the *Daily Phonograph*, the *Weekly Auriphone*, the *Illustrated Telephone*? Surely these are fine titles for newspapers.

A MAN in Paris one day stood on the top of the famous Vendome column, and gesticulating wildly, soon attracted an immense crowd in the street, who imagined he was about to throw himself down (as the column was the favorite resort of suicidal Parisians.) No such thing, however. The cute Frenchman coolly emptied upon the heads of the people a large bag of his business circulars, which fluttered everywhere, and were scrambled for at a prodigious rate. It was a practical joke, a capital business dodge, and a first-rate advertisement, and the people enjoyed it hugely.

No less an authority than the London *Lancet* gives the warning to lady readers to abandon the practice of using face powders, paints and washes of every description, as all applications of this class down to "violet powders," may contain poisonous materials. Some specimens yielded, on analysis, 20 per cent. of arsenic. The white powders are sure to contain oxide of lead, zinc, or bismuth. A celebrated face enameller of Paris has been arraigned for manslaughter, by causing the death of a very well-known lady in high life, who persisted in having her complexion manufactured. The mere application of simple powder is sufficient to close the pores of the skin, and lay the foundation for a variety of disorders which oftentimes baffle the physicians.

IT is an actual fact that we Americans are a musical people, that we possess ideas of beauty in art which, though not developed, still mark us as the nation of the future, and that we are really an improvement upon the parent stock. When we think of the success of the great musical festival held in Cincinnati, under the leadership of that distinguished musician, Theodore Thomas, we can understand how really subtle music, and music by the best authors, is appreciated by the American public. Now, for a young nation like ours to accept Gluck's "Alceste's," betokens a remarkable disposition to come within strict rules of art. Then follows Beethoven's wonderful Third Symphony and the Eroica of '55. And when we learn that the best part of the choral work was done by American vocalists, we only emphasize what was said before, that we are an art-loving people by nature, and that it will not be many years before the American musicians, painters, and poets lead the world.

IT is the fashion in some of the outer edge Western towns to *charivari* every wedding which takes place in them. Considerable rioting and bad feeling has been the result of this foolish practical joking. At Omaha it is alleged a gang of vagabonds armed with cans, drums, horns, and other instruments of torture, actually blackmailed a wedding party into giving them enough for their own carousals, after which they went away, but soon returned and attempted again to levy a tax. Fire arms have even been used in order to compel these fools to desist from their savagery. A *charivari* means any mock serenade of discordant music, designed to annoy and insult. It was first directed against widows who married a second time at an advanced age, but is now extended to other occasions of nocturnal annoyance and insult. The Germans call it *krawall*.

THIS is the age of paste and posters of Titanic letters and colossal fence labelling. The three-worded Cerberus who once upon a time growled at the corners, "Post no bills," is now a mere myth, as antique to our understandings as the mastodon. Bill posting has climbed into the Muses' seat, and must henceforward be designated as the finest of arts, assuming the dignity of veritable "belles lettres." The splendid specimens of the artist's work in the circus and menagerie posters spreading their chromatic lengths over miles of wall and fence, are wonders of this era of civilization. Some of these announcements are really works of art—the drawing of the figures and animals being particularly excellent. Many of these posters require a dozen blocks of wood to produce the effect intended—a block for each color. They are not, strictly speaking, blocks, but large boards upon which the artist paints in lamp black and water his design, and then hands it over to the wood engraver, who, swinging the huge board by a hole in its centre to a tall easel, manages in a very short time to carve the design perfectly.

THAT the imagination of the fiction writer may prophesy and anticipate the creations of inventive genius, is apparent in the fact that Jules Verne's brightly fanciful, submarine vessel, the "Nautilus," which appears in that absorbing narrative of his, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," has been adopted as the model of a new torpedo boat, designed by the late Lord Milton, and which has been brought to the notice of the British admiralty. Milton, without doubt, took the hint of his design from Jules Verne's creation. It is intended to work under water by means of compressed air, and in every respect resembles a huge fish. In the fore part, or head, two large eyes illuminated by an electric light, will reveal to the observers on board, the keel of any hostile vessel which might happen to be in the immediate vicinity. A powerful ram, capable of piercing the side of any iron clad, is placed above. There is also a revolving gun of a peculiar character, worked by hydraulic power, and fired by electricity, a new explosive of great force supplanting gunpowder. This gun is rotary, but has four chambers placed like the spokes of a wheel, so that while one shot is being fired, a second is being charged, a third sponged, and a fourth cleaned, so that the shots can be fired in rapid succession. This boat is capable of remaining under water from three to nine hours.

SOME ingenious mechanic of proverbs has made the immortal assertion that, "If wishes were horses, beggars might ride." Oh, assuredly they would—and not beggars alone, not merely the riff-raff rags and tatters of society, not only sin in rags, but furred gowns as well. The entire population on horse back, bound on a mighty expedition. Where? According to that, the well-known proverb concerning the beggar on horseback riding somewhere, must be a headlong canter towards Tophet. Imagine it. A mighty cavalcade—a restless, hurrying line of galloping horses! What a mob of steeds—what horsemanship—what a stamping, snorting, plunging! Everybody's wishes turned into horses to carry the wishers to trouble and punishment; or, at best, only within sight and scent of Vanity Fair. Of Dexter celerity, the most of these on the broad way to disappointment, but others wall-eyed, spavined, wind-galled, jaded equine affairs, sniffing, snorting steeds afflicted with epizooty, limping off sideways, bound nowhere in particular. Wishes turned horses! Oh, what a sight! Big men on big dray horses, little children on ponies! As if some monstrous livery stable had broken loose; or as if the world had suddenly turned into a fearful hippodrome, a gigantic circus—clowns and horses complete. Horrible thought—to imagine some wretched wizard transforming our wishes into horses, whether we be equestrians or not, and in spite of our protestations that we cannot ride. Wishes turned horses, that fools may run the risk of being thrown and trampled upon. Wishes turned horses whose only response is a neigh—plain as plain can be. That's the horse's answer. An emphatic denial of the wish by a neigh.—Wishes instantly grown horses, trotting on the highway toward gratification, and all of a sudden stumbling, quite by accident, into the ditch of *no go*. How much depends on the animal, and the way we manage him, or there may be wishes turned donkeys—long-eared, obstinate beasts, stubbornly resolved not to carry the riders at all.

THAT nomadic creature, the tramp, is really monarch of all he surveys. "Just fill my pockets with that measure of peanuts, old lady," said one of these fellows. "How much did you say it was? Ten cents, eh? That's all right." And he walks off whistling. He's a wonderful fellow, though. To-day he is a penniless, ragged vagabond; to-morrow he turns up aristocrat, exchanges his beggar's rags for a suit of broadcloth, and is leader of society and president of corporations. It was one of this class who advertised in the *London Times* for a situation in a family where his Christian example would be taken for board. It was one of this class who, having advertised a fine steel engraving of Washington for one dollar, sent each one of his victims a three-cent stamp. It was one of this brood who, pretending to be a musician, managed to secure a position in an orchestra as violinist, by playing with a greased bow. A fellow applied to the London detectives, offering his services to ferret out a robbery. It seems some £1,300 had been stolen from a tradesman, and this chap came in to try his hand as an amateur detective. The detectives laughed at his impudence, but let him go to work. He made elaborate preparations, but got entirely off the track. The detectives having, in the meantime, found out the real thief, told the amateur his services as detective were no longer needed, as they had discovered the thief themselves. "Yes, thanks to me," said the bold fellow. "That's the result of my work." "Well, who do you think the thief is?" "The clerk, of course." "Guess again." "Of course it's the clerk." "No, you rascal, you know better," said the officer, clapping him on the shoulder. "I think I've got my hand on him now." Sure enough. He was the actual thief—the fellow they wanted, and he confessed the theft. One of these superb imposters was once accosted by his tailor with, "Well, are you going to pay this bill, sir?" "Do you owe anybody anything?" asked the scamp. "No sir." "Well, you can afford to wait." Well, the tailor came again, asked the same question. "Are you in debt to anybody?" "Yes," said the tailor, thinking to be even with the rogue this time. "Ah, then, why don't you pay?" "I haven't the money." "That's my fix, sir. I'm glad you appreciate my situation. Give us your hand."

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—VII

COMPILED BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

A REVIEW OF A REVIEW.

THE review of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" in the November number of *The Literary World* contains so many misrepresentations of the book that it is really a psychological puzzle. Differences of opinion as to the merit of a book are always to be expected, and authors or authors' friends are very foolish to resent any criticism, however unfavorable it may be and however unjust it may appear, so long as it is simply criticism and the expression of an opinion. But when it goes beyond this, and, undertaking to justify its positions, makes palpable misstatements of fact as to the plot, incidents, and characters of a novel, it lays itself open to distinct and legitimate arraignment.

The mistakes made in this review are really inexplicable. They can be accounted for only on the supposition that the reading of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" was a very hasty and superficial one. A few extracts from the review and from the book itself will prove this. Of the heroine, Mercy Philbrick, this reviewer says:

"Instead of having studied Stephen's character before she plighted her troth to him, with a weakness which emphatically contradicts the author's claim of high nobility on her behalf, she snaps eagerly at his offer, threw herself into them (his arms) and laid his head on her shoulder, sobbing;" which in view of the fact that their acquaintance was only two or three days old, seems decidedly audacious."

The facts of the story are that Stephen not only did not make any "offer" of marriage to Mercy; he distinctly gave her to understand that he could not do so; he said: "To fetter you by a word would be base and selfish; but, O Mercy, till life brings you something better than my love, let me love you, if it is only till to-morrow."

It is later on in this same interview, after it has become clear to Mercy that all Stephen is asking from her, all that he is able to ask from her, is that he may love her, that she throws herself into his arms.

This is the passage. Stephen says to her: "I was thinking last night that, no matter if my life should end without my ever knowing what other men call happiness, if I must live lonely and alone to the end, I should still have the memory of you,—of your face, of your hand, and the voice in which you said you cared for me." And Stephen stretched out both his arms to her with unspeakable love in the gesture.

So swiftly, that he had not the least warning of her intention, Mercy threw herself into them, and laid her head on his shoulder, sobbing. Shame filled her soul and burned in her cheeks, when Stephen, lifting her as he would a child, and kissing her forehead gently, placed her again in her chair and said: "My darling, I cannot let you do that. I will never ask from you anything that you can by any possibility regret at some future time. I ought perhaps to be unselfish enough not to ask from you anything at all. I did not mean to; but I could not help it, and it is too late now."

The reviewer says that this occasion on which Mercy "plighted her troth" and "snapped at Stephen's offer" was when "their acquaintance was only two or three days old."

The facts of the story are, that Mercy first saw Stephen early in November. This interview took place on the twenty-seventh day of the following December. During all these weeks a combination of circumstances had gradually led them both into a state of concentrated interest in each other, and for three weeks they had lived in the same house.

Of Stephen and Mercy he says:

"Their disagreements are frequent and wide, especially on moral questions; but they always come together again, kiss and make up."

The facts of the story are, that not one single disagreement between Mercy and Stephen is described, until the last fatal one, which occurred after Mercy had left the town, and which was so serious that it separated them forever. There is not such an incident from beginning to end of the book as a "kissing and making up." The nearest approach to anything of the kind is in the following passage, p. 189:

"Stephen looked earnestly at Mercy. 'Mercy,' said he, 'I wonder if you would love me better if I were a preacher and could preach clear, logical and terse sermons,' (referring to Mercy's words in praise of Parson Dorrance.)

"Mercy was impatient. Already the self-centering of Stephen's mind, his instant reverting from most trains of thought to their possible bearing on her love for him, had begun to irritate her. It was so foreign to her own unconscious, free-souled acceptance and trust.

"'Stephen,' she exclaimed, 'I wish you wouldn't say such things. Besides seeming to imply a sort of distrust of my love for you, they are illogical; and you know there is nothing I hate like bad logic.'

"Stephen made no reply. The slightest approach to a disagreement between Mercy and himself gave him great pain and a sense of terror, and he took refuge instantly behind his usual shield of silence."

The reviewer says:

"She [Mercy] makes the acquaintance of Professor Dorrance, a truly model man, who served as her coadjutor in a glaring inconsistency. He is a fifty-five year old widower, but he falls in love with the bright young widow, and offers her his hand and heart. She permits him to understand that his passion is fully reciprocated."

This is perhaps the most singular of all the misrepresentations. The facts of the story are, that Mercy did not in the least reciprocate Parson Dorrance's passion, nor permit him to understand that she did so. Long after Parson Dorrance was dead, and she had parted from Stephen forever, she came to love Parson Dorrance's memory with all the passion of an atonement for a mistake. She knew that he was the man she ought to have loved, but had not. The interview between Parson Dorrance and Mercy, in which he offers her his hand, and sees clearly that she cannot love him, is too long to be quoted here, but two paragraphs of it will tell the story:

"Mercy looked at him (Parson Dorrance) for one second in undisguised terror and bewilderment. Then she uttered a sharp cry, as of one who had suddenly got a wound, and, burying her face in her hands, sank in a chair and began to cry convulsively.

"Parson Dorrance walked up and down the room. He dared not speak. He was not quite sure what Mercy's weeping meant; so hastily it, for a single moment to wrench a great hope out of a man's heart. But as she continued sobbing, he understood. Unselfish to the core, his first thought was, even now, 'Alas, now she will never let me do anything more for her. Oh, how shall I win her back to trust me as a father again?'"

The reviewer says:

"We should have added to the evidence of this young woman's inconsistency the following contradictions: On page 180, in answer to Stephen's question, 'Mercy, you do not love me as you used to do?' 'I can't, Stephen.' At last she spoke in a voice of unutterable yearning and tenderness, 'I do love you, Stephen.' This reminds us of the childish game, 'He loves me; he loves me not.'"

The facts of the story are, that this question of Stephen's and this answer of Mercy's occurred in their last interview. They had been separated for nearly a year. During this interval Stephen had committed an act which seemed to Mercy a dishonest one. They had had a long and painful correspondence in regard to it. In spite of her efforts to hold to her regard for Stephen and her faith in him, she had lost much of both. As soon as he looked in her face, heard her voice, took her hand, he perceived that the quality of her love had altered. He exclaimed:

"'Mercy, you do not love me as you used to.'

"Mercy's eyes drooped. She locked her hands tightly together and said, 'I can't, Stephen.' No possible form of words could have been so absolute. 'I can't,' 'I do not' would have been merciful, would have held a hope, by the side of this helpless, despairing 'I can't.'

"Stephen sank into a chair and covered his eyes with his hands. Mercy stood still near the white callas, her hands clasped and her eyes fixed on Stephen. At last she spoke in a voice of unutterable yearning and tenderness, 'I do *love* you, Stephen.'"

The words italicised in this extract here were not italicised in the novel. Hence the reviewer's failure to understand them. No woman would have needed the italics.

The reviewer continues:

"The positive author affirms that all who board at hotels are 'homeless all of them; their common vagabondage is only a matter of degrees.' Did she ever board at a hotel, and did she count herself a homeless wanderer, a vagabond, a tramp?"

The passage to which this paragraph refers is as follows:

"Oh, the homeless people there are in this world! Did anybody ever think to count up the thousands there are in every great city who live in lodgings and not in homes? from the luxurious lodger who lodges in the costliest rooms of the costliest hotel down to the most poverty-stricken lodger who lodges in a corner of the poorest tenement house? Homeless all of them; their common vagabondage is only a matter of degrees of decency. All honor to the bravery of those who are homeless because they must be, and who make the best of it. But only scorn and pity for those who are homeless because they choose to be. And are foolish enough to like it."

The review closes with the following paragraph:

"One notable circumstance in the action of this story must not fail of mention. *Two or three days* after Mercy's arrival at Penfield, Mr. Stephen White, a silent, speechless man, who dared hardly say boo to a goose, bursts out in the presence of his divinity in the following strain:

"'Mrs. Philbrick, your face is the very loveliest face I have seen in my life. Do not be angry. Oh, do not!' he continued, seeing the color deepen in Mercy's cheeks and a stern expression gathering in her eyes as she looked steadily at him with unutterable surprise. 'Do not be angry with me; I could not help saying it; but I do not say it as men generally say such things. I am not like other men; I have lived alone all my life with my mother; you need not mind my saying your face is lovely any more than my saying the ferns on the walls are lovely.'"

This speech of Stephen's was made to Mercy on Christmas Eve, when, as we have already said, they had known each other for nearly two months, not "two or three days." And for the description of this "silent, speechless man, who dared hardly say boo to a goose," we will ask the readers of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" to turn to page 70 and read the following:

"In ordinary intercourse he [Stephen White] was social, genial; he talked more than average men talk; he took, or seemed to take, more interest than men usually take in the common small talk of average people; but the instant there was a manifestation of anger, of discord, of anything unpleasant, he entrenched himself in silence."

Was it too much to say that the *Literary World's* review of this novel is a psychological puzzle?

An attentive reader of the
LITERARY WORLD.

To this womanly, truthful and lucid exposition of facts, the author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" received the following insulting answer:

A RE REVIEW OF A REVIEW.

"A Review of a Review" appears in the *Advertiser* of the 9th instant. Its source is instantly recognizable; the fair face of some one smiles out of it with a look of mingled mildness and malignity. The exceptionally accurate statement of dates is proof indeed. We refrain from identifying the writer; but her handiwork seems to realise that Elysian privilege, of which we wrote not long ago, of authors reviewing their own books. If the author in this case did not write the review, she surely must have inspired it.

The reviewer concludes that our reading of Mercy Philbrick's Choice "was a careless one." We confess the soft impeachment; we read it hastily as a task to be achieved; we could not get up an interest in it. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* To our fatal want of appreciation or inability to apprehend the subtle beauties and mysteries of this wonderful book, we must sadly trace our extinction at the hands of "An Attentive Reader of the Literary World." The compliment implied in this signature almost palsies our hand and persuades us to pause in our rejoinder; but the editor's first duty is to maintain his independence and his position, and this we shall try to do.

The reviewer says that "Stephen did not make any offer of marriage to Mercy." We cannot confess this, but surely he behaved as men do in like cases, having all the requisite desire, and lacking only the courage. What does a man mean when, as is told of Stephen, "they [his eyes] look at her sadly, with a world of regret and appeal and affection, and almost despair in the look"? So far as our own observation extends, such is a transcript of a man's expression when subjected to the agonies of a strong and unprosperous passion. What means the author when she says, "And thus the old year went out and the new year came in for Mercy Philbrick and Stephen White—the old year in which they had been nothing, and the new year in which they were to be *everything, to each other*"?

If words mean anything, these words mean business—the business of a pair who contemplate marriage, or even that more tender relation which precedes it. On page 135 it is virtually confessed that Stephen is Mercy's lover: Walking out, and overtaken by Stephen, she "stood still, vainly hoping her black veil was thick enough to hide her red eyes; vainly trying to regain her composure enough to speak in her natural voice, and to smile her usual smile. Vainly, indeed! What crape could blind a *lover's* eyes, or what forced tone deceive a *lover's* ears?" Who, pray, was the "*lover*"?

The unscrupulous reviewer cites this as the "most singular of all the misrepresentations":

"She makes the acquaintance of Professor Dorrance, a truly model man, who serves as her coadjutor in a glaring inconsistency. He is a fifty-five year old widower, but he falls in love with the bright young widow and offers her his hand and heart. She permits him to understand that his passion was reciprocated."—*The Literary World.*

The reviewer proceeds to say:

"She did not in the least reciprocate Parson Dorrance's passion, nor permit him to understand that she did so."

In crushing retort to this allegation, we quote from page 212 this little but significant colloquy:

"The parson looked bewildered, but went on:

'You do love me, my child, very dearly, do you not?'

'Oh, *you know I do*,' cried Mercy. 'You know I do!'"

However the unscrupulous reviewer can dare, in the face of this solemn and passionate declaration, to deny that Mercy Philbrick allowed Parson Dorrance to understand that his passion was reciprocated, passes our feeble understanding.

We have given this little pin-prick of Reviewer's more attention than it deserves; but we felt it our duty to say that we are not wont to pervert the text of a book while reviewing it; that we judge all books with impartiality, unaffluenced by sentiments of mutual admiration or the obligations of any feminine literary cabal. Wishing for Reviewer better luck next time, we give his *congé*.

(Signed by the then editor of the *Literary World.*)

Another attempt was made in behalf of justice for the "author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," which the editor of the *Literary World* answered with true "noli me tangere" spirit:

THE ASHES OF "MERCY PHILBRICK."

The expiring gasp of the "Reviewer" affrighted the readers of yesterday's *Advertiser*. We are too tenderhearted to torture a beaten adversary; and indeed we should have to liken ourselves, if we pursued the controversy, to the redoubted Don Quixote assailing the giants; there are no giants there. With one stroke of our pen we have crushed them and they have lapsed into nullibility. We did it in this way: In our review of the work we said that Mercy permitted Dorrance to understand that his passion was reciprocated. This statement "Reviewer" denies flatly and without qualification. We prove our allegation by an extract from the book, which all the cunning and craft of "Reviewer" cannot pervert from its true and only meaning—that Mercy loves Dorrance; he says to her: "You do love me, child, very dearly, do you not?" She answers, "Oh, you know I do; you know I do." The "Reviewer" silly attempts to crawl out of this dilemma by cavilling at the meaning of the word "passion"—pleading with hypocritical frankness that a woman may "love" a man "very dearly" without having a "passion" for him. Now if "Reviewer" will refer to Soule's Synonyms she will find that passion is a synonym of love and identical in meaning. The author says distinctly that Mercy tells Dorrance that he *knows* she loves him; and we submit that no person of average intelligence can put more than one interpretation on the words. Why did not the author make the impossible distinction that she insists upon?

We have placed Reviewer in the attitude of making a false statement. Nothing can be plainer than the author's declaration that Mercy *did* permit Dorrance to understand that she reciprocated his passion.

The poet says that "the quality of 'Mercy' is not strained," but in view of our recent experiences we are inclined to doubt this. This Mercy, to our eyes, is strained out of all semblance to humanity, and, appropriately, her defender has strained herself inordinately and vainly.

We close this this final reply with the affecting reflection that in this melancholy case "Mercy and Truth have (not) met together."

Peace to her ashes.

Here we have in a nutshell one cause of the reviewer's misstatements. He, like many men, has no idea of any meaning to the word "passion" other than that which is given to it by the coarsest instincts of a man's nature. He knows nothing of "the divine afflatus" of a love where passion has not yet been awakened; of that sublime emotion of the soul which makes itself felt in thrilling nerves and fibres when the thunder rolls; when some grand piece of music fills the air with waves of sound; when great and noble deeds are recounted; when two who have no thought or wish for marriage as yet awakened in their minds, find in each other that sympathy of nature which attracts and binds. Pure-minded women, when they use the word "passion," endow it with no other meaning than that which Webster gives: "The feeling of the mind, or the sensible effect or agitation *of mind*, as desire, fear, hope, joy, grief, love, hatred." With such a definition of the word "passion," what shall be said of the character of that mind which "can put but one interpretation on the word"?

Let men reviewers of women's books remember that the minds of women are not cast in the same mould as their own: if they were, they would cease to be women, for they would be devoid of the sweetest of all womanly attributes.

When a woman writes, "I have loved you passionately," she means what Webster says is the definition of "passionately"—"with strong feeling," with strong feeling *of the mind*. This is all the meaning that it bears to a pure-minded woman. Many there are, and God help them, who in loving passionately, but not wisely, learn to think of passion only as in the passion of their Redeemer—as suffering—"the last suffering of the Saviour," and as suffering by and through which they are made most to be partakers of His grace.

There are gentlemen who use the word in the same sense; who understand the feelings of the mothers who bore them, of the sisters who cherish them, of the wives who are to them as ministering angels all the days of their lives.

Had Jean Paul Richter said, "a universal love for all men, even for reviewers, who are not beasts," he would have been more just than he was in saying, "for all men and beasts, except reviewers." It is "the beasts" that make the trouble for women everywhere, whether in the role of reviewers, or fathers and lovers and husbands; and, thank God! they are in the minority in circles of refinement and cultivation. If endowed with discernment, one need not know a reviewer to know whether his review is a just one; the spirit in which it is written reveals the nature of the man. He cannot so cloak his hypocrisy, his vindictiveness, his lasciviousness, but that the cloven hoof or the black hand will peep out, if either of them is there.

The compiler does not know even the name of the author of Mercy Philbrick's Choice; but when she read the charming book her indignation was aroused by reading the *Literary World's* review of it, and her interest was enlisted in the author because of the injustice and ungentlemanliness evinced in the review. Such is the effect of a dishonest review upon a mind that does not aspire to think just what others think, but to judge for one's self, and to "judge with righteous judgment."

The compiler will give in her next paper the course pursued by the author of "On Dangerous Ground," when the publishers of the romance, wincing under the charge of having issued a book unfit to put in the hands of the young, on account of its immoral influence, requested the author to introduce, in the fourth edition, some sermonizing or moralizing, in order that her disapprobation of the scenes described therein might be understood and the book redeemed from the reputation given to it by its reviewer in the *Tribune* and the *Literary World*.

An Interesting Paper.

One of the best weekly journals in this country is the SATURDAY EVENING POST, of Philadelphia, which has been for more than half a century a leading literary household paper. At the present time it ranks as the oldest journal of its class in America, and every number is filled with interesting serials, short tales and choice poetry by the best contributors. The publishers have recently made an exceedingly liberal offer, by which all subscribers receive the Post for one year and two magnificent oleographs after Thomas Moran's celebrated paintings of "The White Mountains" and "The Yellowstone," which affords an opportunity for every one to make their home attractive at a very small cost.—*New York Daily Graphic.*

DEAD LOVE.

This, then, is our farewell! Yes, truly, this!
The last farewell—the first without a kiss
Of mingled love and sorrow; Love is dead,
And sorrow only weeps her spirit fled.

I look into your eyes, but never more
To teach or learn from them Love's happy lore;
Coldly I look, sadly I turn away—
Your soul to mine has nothing more to say.

The stream is dry that sang so gay a song;
The Summer ended that has bloomed so long;
No rose is left—the leaves are sere and brown,
And only thorns remain in Joy's bright crown.

Yet we are sad at heart. Alas! how sad!
For we shall find no more the bliss we had—
No more forever! By our dead we stand
As cold as she—though hand still touches hand.

Look in her fair face—nay, no longer fair—
Corruption's seal is set already there;
Cover her quickly from my sight—I may
Not look upon such beauty in decay.

We were so happy! Yes, but now it seems
The phantom joy men win in briefest dreams.
How black is night when golden day is done!
How drear that blindness which hath seen the sun!

Farewell! We are but strangers henceforth: we
Must tread a separate path, whate'er it be.
You do not weep, but tears are in mine eyes,
For still the ghost of buried Love will rise

And haunt us. It is memory makes me weak,
And desolate years to come; but yet I speak
Stern, bitter truth when I say, "Better so,"
And not a pulse will fail because you go.

I weep for love, lost love, but not for you;
The last, best gift God gave is perished too,
Like all the rest. Farewell! the tale is told,
The fire gone out, and all the hearth scold.

The fire gone out—its flame that burnt of yore
Into my heart can scorch no more;
Cold, dull gray ashes—safe, but, oh, so drear:
And Youth and Hope dead on Love's empty bier.

HIS RIGHT EYE.

How It Did and Undid

BY HALE LEWISON.

IV.

GETTING BOUND TO IT.

If Mr. Murdrone had known of the sudden conversion of Old Stephen to sobriety by the vision of something white, he would not have been overjoyed; but if he had also known to what projects Old Stephen would now turn, and with what results, he might have been more annoyed and maybe alarmed than he had ever been by the operations of a Crowder.

For Old Stephen had experienced a thorough conversion to temperate habits and the respectability they bring. Among the first fruits of this change was the restoration of his little shopkeeping venture to prosperity. Among the succeeding fruits were the occurrences which are here narrated.

In the course of a serious conversation with Mrs. Athurst one evening, the topic being his altered prospects, Old Stephen suddenly said:

"Mis' Athurst, I feel as ef I'd like to be responsible for something—bound to it, you know."

The widow did not reply, failing to get the drift of what he was saying, and he went on:

"I'd be tol'rable good, p'raps, fer anything I was bound to."

"I'm sure you would!" responded the widow earnestly, for she had faith in his reformation as well as in his goodness of heart.

"I'd like to be responsible—bound, you know—for something; say—" here Old Stephen hesitated as if casting about for an illustration, and then went on very rapidly, as if one had that instant occurred to him and he was fearful that it might yet escape him:

"Say for a nijjut boy!"

The widow turned her face away, for there were tears—not of pain surely, but of a softened grief of many years—in her eyes at this allusion to her poor boy.

"I think I ought to be married!" was Old Stephen's next declaration, as if the idea were brand new.

The widow was industriously wiping her eyes on a corner of her apron, and did not reply.

"I think you ought to be married!" was Old Stephen's next shot.

Still no answer. The widow in a fresh burst of tears, and in the middle of her apron now.

"We both ought to be married, and then I'd be responsible," said the old man, thus delivering the last shot in his locker with fine effect.

"Oh, Stephen!" exclaimed the widow, turning toward him and taking her apron from her wet eyes, "I never knew o' your hurtin' anybody but yerself, an' you're always good to us!"

They were tears of thankfulness that were in her eyes then; for to her, who had not long ago been sick and houseless with her idiot boy, Old Stephen seemed to offer a sufficient and welcome refuge.

Old Stephen, having risen and sedately kissed the widow in acknowledgment of her acceptance, suddenly showed quite a boyish playfulness.

"That's settled, then!" he cried, "and I get the responsibility, providin' the responsibility's willin'."

The responsibility, being the idiot boy, had been sitting silent as he always did, playing with bits of colored paper as an infant might. When he was two years old, he was left by his parents with a servant—they were well to do in those days—while they went out of an evening. The girl, in order to devote herself more to her sweetheart, put the boy to bed, turned the gas low, made an image of clothing in a corner of the room and told him it was a Booger that would eat him if he made a noise, and left him alone. When the parents returned at midnight, there lay the boy with fixed eyes staring at the Booger in the corner. What frightful shapes of the Booger and the flickering shadows on the dimly-lighted walls had tormented the little brain during those long hours of terror, was never told; for the boy's reason was gone forever. Now he was a man in years, but less than a child of three months in intellect. This was the responsibility which Old Stephen coveted, and to which he now addressed himself.

"Sammy," the old man said—he always talked to the boy as if he were the most astute and critical of listeners—"Sammy, I've been a good-for-nothin', you know; but now p'raps I'm like to be some good. Ef that's so, I oughtn't to be layin' round loose, not responsible for nothin' or nobody, had I?"

"Ug-goo!" said Sammy.

This sound, the inarticulate utterance of an infant, was Sammy's whole vocabulary. No other sound ever passed his lips.

("That means No," said Old Stephen, veraciously interpreting.)

"No. I ought to have a responsibility," Old Stephen went on, continuing his address to the boy.

"Ug-goo!"

("That means Yes," reported the veracious interpreter.)

"I oughtn't to wait a day about it," continued the old man.

"Ug-goo!"

("That means, You're right," said the truth-loving interpreter.)

"Ef it's agreeable, I'm goin' to hev you fer a responsibility," Old Stephen said, concluding his address.

"Ug-goo!"

("That," reported the interpreter with a tender conscience, "that means, I can't say how agreeable it'll be, but it'll be more agreeable now than when you was a good-for-nothin'.")

The consent of the nijjut boy being thus happily obtained, there was nothing more to be done but to hasten the wedding. Old Stephen seemed indeed rather importunate about this; but then he disclaimed any personal impatience.

"Fur's I'm concerned," he urged, when the widow would have had a little delay, "fur's I'm concerned, I a'n't afeard to wait; but y' recollect Sammy said I ought n't to wa'l a day; an' I thought he was partic'lar about it, too."

Old Stephen, in truth, was inordinately proud of his new acquisitions, especially regarding the nijjut boy as an entirely unique and therefore very valuable responsibility.

Ah, Mr. Murdrone, how those creatures, whom Providence has placed down there, while we are up here—how they do twist and wriggle in their places; how they change their relations and interests, and combine, and work, and wriggle and twist, until we must have our eyes about us, for all this means more crowding in one direction or another! Here are the fortunes of Old Stephen and the widow Athurst united!

V.

CROWDERS GETTING ON THE TRACK.

Like many a new convert, Old Stephen, having sobered himself, was fired with zeal for the reformation of others; and, being able to speak by the book on the pains and penalties of intemperance, he really made some impression among the debauchees of the neighborhood, casual and habitual. Finding, one evening, a fractal inebriate on the street, Old Stephen took him to a cheap lodging, and was careful to be about before the man should leave after sleeping off his debauch. But when that had been accomplished, the stranger was rather impatient of Old Stephen's preaching on the evils of the cup.

"You know what it brought me to?" asked Stephen.

"How 'd I know? I a'n't been round here afore fer fifteen year," was the surly reply.

"Brought me to the gutter," said Old Stephen—"leastways to a garden, where I was called."

"Called?"

"Yes, called—by a vision," replied Old Stephen solemnly.

"I know. I had 'em once!" declared the stranger, glancing uneasily about the room and moving toward the door. "Let's git out o' here."

"Wait!" cried Old Stephen eagerly—"'twasn't that—'twasn't the tremuns I had. A vision—somethin' white, and tremblin'—it come, and then I knew I was called to look to them that was down. I never took another drop. That was up in Murdrone's garden. You know what I got by stoppin'?"

"No," replied the stranger, as if he were thinking of other things.

"You couldn't guess!" chuckled Old Stephen.

"No."

"I got a widow an' a nijjut boy!" said Stephen impressively.

Perhaps the stranger had his own views of the desirability of acquiring widows and nijjut boys, perhaps he was already supplied, and so didn't want any; perhaps he distrusted his luck, and did not care to test it in Old Stephen's way. At all events, he did not seem at all dazzled by Old Stephen's success; but, paying no attention to the impressive announcement, he suddenly demanded:

"Whose garden was you in?"

"Murdrone's."

"I oughtto know that name, but I don't seem to place it," mused the stranger. "I used to be well acquainted round here. Why, up there, where all them new streets is—I know'd that land when ther wa'n't a shanty on it!"

"Murdrone owns all that," said Old Stephen carelessly.

"What?" the stranger becoming much excited.

"Murdrone owns that. I lived up there once."

"That's it! He's the feller!" cried the stranger.

"What ye talkin' about?" asked Stephen in wonder.

"That's the name—Murdrone. I heerd it afterward."

"What did ye hear?" asked the old man, still wondering.

"Pardner!" the stranger began, impressive in his turn, "pardner, I s'pose I'm the only outsider that knows jest how that lay was worked. That there land belonged to a man named Jim Athurst, that I knew well, and his pardner that I didn't know. I see Jim done out o' that land in a gin shop—doctored drink. I was settin' in the place asleep when they come in. I woke up kinder by little, and I didn't stir, 'cause I knowed in a minit they was on business and wouldn't stand no outsider. Jim Athurst was so fur gone that he couldn't see, nor do nothin'; and one o' the fellers—there was two of 'em together—he held the pen in Jim's hand and signed his name to a paper, and took a paper out of Jim's pocket. I heerd afterward that when Jim come to, he allowed he knew it was Murdrone that did the job on him. But Jim never stayed to play out his hand—went and drownded himself the next day. You see, he thought Murdrone had marked up too many pints on him, so he couldn't win anyway."

If Old Stephen had seen a second vision and received a second call, he could not have been more astounded than he was at this revelation.

Ah, these Crowders, Mr. Murdrone! Watch as we may, we can never see all of their twistings and wrigglings; and how besotted old wretches leave their sottish ways in a moment and become active, dangerous Crowders; and how other wretches come from far regions to set these Crowders on! And perhaps it is as well so; for it would have disturbed even you, Mr. Murdrone, in your enjoyment of the place to which (as you so often said) Providence had assigned you, if you had known how Old Stephen took the stranger's tale to James Athurst's widow, whom he had married; how it was new to her, but corresponded with her previous knowledge of her late husband's affairs and his unfortunate end; how, though she had lost sight of the old partner of her husband she yet remembered his name well enough; how Old Stephen, with this clue, hunted up the partner's widow, the partner having been dead for several years; how Old Stephen found another wrong to be righted, in that the partner had always believed that Athurst dishonestly sold or squandered their joint interest in the property, and then drowned himself rather than face his defrauded partner and his own impoverished family; how steps were at once taken, not only to crowd Mr. Murdrone, but actually to oust him in disgrace; and finally, how Old Stephen and his wife, late Mrs. Athurst, kept between them some great and apparently momentous secret beyond all that has been herein revealed.

VI.

THE CROWDER'S WOOING.

Miss Tillie had continued her visiting at Mrs. Clymfast's house, and they had become such good friends that this friendship alone would have caused the visiting to be kept up. But, of course, the hero Crowder, young Clymfast, continued to hold his place. Indeed, Miss Tillie had made such rapid strides in some path to her unfamiliar, that if she had been surprised with the question, it is hardly likely that she could have told the state of her feeling toward the hero. But she never asked herself the question, and it came from no one else to surprise her. That is, it had not come to her up to a certain evening, when, as she was chatting with Mrs. Clymfast, William came in hurriedly, and betraying unusual excitement.

"Miss Tillie," said he, after salutations had passed, "will you excuse it if I take mother away a moment?"

He led his mother into an adjoining room, from which, in a few minutes, she returned, and coming close to Miss Tillie, bent over and kissed her, saying with emotion:

"You are a dear, good girl, my dear; and I hope you may not be distressed by what you're going to hear. But whatever happens, remember you and I are always friends."

Mrs. Clymfast at once retired again, and if Miss Tillie had had time, she would have been very much astonished, if not positively alarmed, by this conduct. But young Clymfast was at her side almost before his mother left it, and what he had to say must be said at once.

"Miss Tillie," he began, "I have long hoped that in a year or two, when I should have further bettered my position, as I am fast doing, I might say to you something which you might—might look on with favor, perhaps."

He paused, as if to allow her to speak; but she was simply confused and unable to collect her thoughts.

"I should have spoken then," he went on, "after much careful consideration, and I hope I should have spoken better than I shall now, when I have had little time to think of what I should say. But what I would say in a year or two, or in ten years or twenty, would not differ in tone, or purpose, or deep sincerity, from what I shall try to express now, at whatever disadvantage."

Another pause, but still Miss Tillie had nothing to say.

"Circumstances," he continued, "seem to make it necessary that I should change my plan, and speak now. I think that my chances ought to have been better if I could have waited; but I don't complain at taking the hazard now. Seeing that I could not have it otherwise, it would be only weakness and childishness to complain."

Yet another pause. During this, as during his speech, Tillie's face grew paler. He went on:

"If you are able to give me the answer I hope for, you will be able to trust to me entirely when I say that in my calm judgment it is altogether for the best—best for you, and best for me in some purposes I have concerning you—that I should not now tell you what is hurrying me on in this matter."

He seemed to think that now, at last, as he paused, the girl would speak. She did not, and he asked:

"With this reservation, Miss Tillie, shall I go on?"

"If you will," said the girl very softly; and then as if startled out of a dream by her own voice, she looked up at his eager face and exclaimed:

"No—don't please!"

Then, suddenly putting both hands over her face, she cried in a burst of tears:

"Indeed, I don't know what I ought to say!"

"Say just what you think, and that will be right," said Clymfast gently. "What I had to ask you is, Can you give me yourself forever, to be my wife? I love you, and have long loved you well enough to ask it."

"Oh! why did I not know it? why did I not see it?" exclaimed the girl in an agony of distress and embarrassment; "why did I not know it, if this was to come?"

Clymfast looked at her in blank perplexity.

"Why, Miss Tillie——" he began, but stopped in doubt.

"Why did I not know?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"If what I have said offends you," said Clymfast, speaking very calmly, but as if oppressed by fear or doubt, "pray forgive me for saying it. I should not have presumed to do it, especially in this way, had I loved you less. That made me forget, it seems, instead of remember, that others would——"

"Oh, Will!" exclaimed the girl, interrupting, "it is not that!—you cannot think it is that!"

"Well, then," said Clymfast, with new heart, "if you will tell me what it is, we'll see about it!"

"You know it already; I cannot tell you!"

"Upon my soul, I know of nothing that should come between us, if your heart be mine!"

"Oh, Will," said the girl at last, her distress seeming to increase though she was comforted by the strong gentleness of his words—"if this was to be, Will, why, why did you let me keep on coming here, and you have—you have never——"

"And I have never come to seek you in your home? Is that it, my darling?"

It was really astonishing, the boldness this young man took on when he had guessed this easy riddle! He actually put his arm around her waist, and then he continued:

"Why, see now—how could I seek you there? The best I could do was not to make love to you here; and I've restrained myself so that you have never suspected till this minute!"

Well, well! Just at that minute, one would say, she had pretty good ground for suspicion!

"Ah, Tillie," this bold young man went on, "if you would be followed and sought, I will follow and sue to the end of the world, if only you tell me that I may. May I?"

Certainly it looked very much as if he might, and as if he did, turning the end of the earth.

Being then gently pressed again for an answer in words to the important question, Tillie said:

"Will, my life belongs to you, since you saved it from the water. Take it and keep it, if you will!"

"No—not in that way," said Clymfast, very quietly—"not in that way, my darling. Not because you would repay a fancied obligation. Listen: If there is any such obligation remaining—but there is not—I here discharge you of it in consideration of this"—he bent down and touched her lips. "You are as free to choose as any lady in the land. Take back your answer as the girl I saved, and answer me simply as the girl I love!"

"I will answer in any way that pleases you, Will," said Tillie, nestling closer in the embrace of that bold arm—"for I do feel—I can't help it, and I hope it isn't wicked to say it—I do feel as if it might have been better if you hadn't saved my life, unless you want it for yourself, and take it!"

Well, one might almost have thought that Will was going to take her life literally, by suffocation with kisses, so long did he hold her there in that delightful pleasance.

Ah, Mr. Murdrone, it really seems as if there was very little to nourish filial love and confidence in the Every Man to His Place philosophy! Men do not gather grapes from thistles, Mr. Murdrone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Little White House

"Ah, here comes mother's pets! Have you had a nice play?"

"Yes, mamma; but we are real tired now?"

"And I'm tired sewing, so, Puss, you may rest upon my lap."

"And will you let Susie and me sit by your side?" asked Willie. "And then, please tell us a story."

"A story! Well, what shall it be about?"

"Oh, let it be a fairy story!" exclaimed Susie.

"I'd rather hear of something true," said Willie.

"Yes," echoed Mamie, "something *real*, that you know all about yourself."

"Let me see, it must be a fairy story, something true, and that I know all about myself. Perhaps, dear children I can satisfy you all at the same time; so now be quiet and I'll tell my story. Once upon a time——"

"O that's nice!" said little Mamie; "I like stories to begin so."

"Hush, darling. You must not interrupt. Well, once upon a time there was a beautiful house, a sort of tabernacle, placed in a pretty town. It was kept in perfect order. There was some one to watch over it all the time, to try and keep away rank weeds from the garden, and to have everything all brushed up and neat about it. This tabernacle became so fair to look upon that persons passing would some times exclaim, 'Oh, isn't she lovely!'"

"Why, mamma," said Willie, "I thought vessels were the only things ever called she."

"You are as bad at interrupting. Will, as little Mamie. The moon, you know, is called she, and—well, no matter now. I must go on with my story. This little white house, so fair to look upon on the outside, had a cunning round door, which you may think rather odd. It was colored a deep rosy pink. Just behind the door were ever so many fairy-looking creatures all in white—pearly white. They never allowed anything unpleasant or disagreeable to get inside the door if they could help it. But they were spry enough in taking in all the sweet things that they could get hold of; then they would pass them over to their mistress. She was usually dressed in bright red, and could be as sweet and smooth-spoken as possible, but now and then, I'm sorry to say, she would get angry. And then the poor little white fairies would be snapped up and down at a great rate."

"I should think they would run away," said Will.

"Oh, Will, that would be naughty-boy fashion! but they were too faithful as servants to think of doing any such thing. Sometimes, though, when they were sick, and ached ever so hard, they would have to be taken out of the little house they inhabited, but they never left of their own accord."

"Now, to tell you more about their mistress. One morning she must have been very angry, for she flew into a passion at her brother because he took up her new book to look at it."

"'Let that alone!' said the red lady

"'Why, where is the harm in taking your book?' asked her brother.

"'You'll lose my place,' said she, 'and spoil my pretty new book, so you shan't have it.'

"The brother whistled, and went on turning over the leaves to look at the pictures, when the red lady said some more sharp words, until finally the nurse, on hearing the noise, had to go in and see what all the tempest was about, and make peace."

Susie, who had been listening intently to the story, now colored up, and in surprise said:

"Why, mamma, what do you mean? I said those naughty words to brother Will this very morning."

"Did you, Susie?"

"Yes, mamma; but I did not mean to get so angry."

"Little girls often get angry and speak cross before they think."

"I see! I see it all now!" exclaimed Will, who had seemed in a brown study. "Our bodies are the house, the mouth is the door, and the teeth are the little white fairies."

"And our tongue is the lady in red," added Mamie in high glee, not half conscious what a naughty thing it might be.

"Yes, dear children, you have guessed rightly. And you must daily ask your Heavenly Father to help you 'keep the door of your mouths;' for the tongue is such an unruly member that it needs a constant guard to keep it from evil speaking."

A St Louis girl invited her rejected suitor to meet her in a certain church at a certain time. He went, and found that the occasion was her marriage to his rival. He fainted at the sight, and the affair caused a great deal of comment. That was a year ago. Now she has been deserted by her husband, and is watching at the death bed of her father—a punishishment for heartlessness, some people say.

Advice to little boys, by a spinster of experience: "If your sister, while engaged in a tender conversation with her sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain; we've seen it tried."

The French Governess.

Squire Trenholme (a rich and handsome widower of five-and-thirty,) needing a governess for his four motherless children, his maiden aunt, Miss Mary, engaged a beautiful little French woman, to the Squire's great disgust, as he detested the French unspeakably.

"What possible fault can you find with her?" pleaded Miss Mary, after Miss St. Auguste had been in the house a month.

"She's French," was the Squire's response.

Nor was Jocelyne St. Auguste slow to perceive the Squire's bent.

"He does not like me; and why?" she asked of Miss Mary.

"My dear," said the maiden lady, "there's no accounting for a man's freaks. I'm only glad I am not married to one."

But one night, just as the golden stars were beginning to peep out through the purple glow above the syringa hedges, the squire came in, much perturbed in spirits.

"Who is that fellow talking with Miss St. Auguste out in the shrubberies? I didn't know she had any acquaintances in the village."

"Oh," said Miss Mary, who was knitting in the twilight, "that's M. Dumont, an old Parisian friend—or a young one, rather—who happening to be passing through the village, and discovered by the merest accident that Jocelyne was at Trenholme Park."

"He's a humbug," said the Squire, discontentedly.

"Why?" demanded his aunt.

"He twists his moustache when he talks, and—and——"

"And what?"

"And I don't believe in these old young friends. I hope he isn't going to remain long in Trenholme village."

But the Squire's hopes were not destined to be crowned with success. M. Dumont was merely traveling, as he said, for his amusement; he was in no haste. Trenholme was a lovely spot. And Miss St. Auguste, the playmate of his childhood's days, was a very beautiful girl. So M. Dumont stayed on.

"I'll tell you what, George," said Miss Mary, one evening, with a nod of ineffable wisdom; "that M. Dumont is in love with Jocelyne!"

"Nonsense!" shouted the Squire.

"But he is, though," insisted Miss Mary. "I don't know where your eyes are, not to have seen it before. Well, well, I suppose we shall have to look out for another governess one of these days!"

Mr. Trenholme made no answer, but he sat long and quietly by the window, the fiery eye of his cigar glowing through the darkness.

"She would be a fool to marry him," he said suddenly and abruptly.

"Why a fool?" questioned his aunt.

"All the world knows what a French husband is!" tartly responded Mr. Trenholme.

"I suppose they are as good as French wives!" hazarded Miss Mary.

"They are nothing of the kind."

And the Squire got up and walked out of the room.

"She must do as she likes, of course," he said to himself, "but I can't bear to think of her whole future being blighted by a union with that swarthy looking foreigner—no, I can't! She's too pretty, and sweet, and graceful—poor little lonely Jocelyne!"

He started as Miss St. Auguste confronted him in the shrubbery walk, her white dress glimmering through the dusk as an elf's silver draperies might have done.

"Miss St. Auguste? who would have thought of meeting you here?" ejaculated the Squire, somewhat astounded.

"I hope I have not startled you, monsieur," said Jocelyne in a low, tremulous voice.

"No, but—but—you have been erring."

"Please let me pass, Mr. Trenholme," faltered Jocelyne.

"But I shall not let you pass," answered the Squire bluntly, "until you tell me what the matter is. Has that—that villain Dumont dared to annoy you?"

And Mr. Trenholme's blood seemed turning to fire within his veins at the mere idea.

"No nothing of the sort," Jocelyne answered, faintly.

"Then what is it?"

"He has asked me to marry him, monsieur."

"The insolent fellow!"

"Indeed, Mr. Trenholme, you are mistaken. Gaspard is good and kind; I have known him for years. It was generous of him to offer a home and a heart to the poor, desolate little governess; only——"

And here Jocelyne stopped short, but the Squire made no movement to let her pass.

"Only what?" he persisted.

"Only, monsieur, I could not love him," murmured Jocelyne, almost inaudibly.

"And you have refused him?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"The most sensible thing you ever did in your life," ejaculated Mr. Trenholme, in a strangely relieved voice.

"Why?" Jocelyne looked up with soft, inquiring eyes.

"Because I can't bear to think of you marrying any one but——Because, my dear, there's the best possible reason for you refusing him."

"What is it?" Jocelyne asked hesitatingly.

"Because"—and Squire Trenholme relentlessly imprisoned both of the cold, trembling hands in his—"I want you to marry me! I love you, little Jocelyne, and I never shall let you go away from Trenholme Park again. Do you think you can learn to love me Jocelyne?"

There was a sparkle through the starlight as if a cascade of diamonds had glittered over the French girl's cheeks. Squire Trenholme felt the hands thrill within his clasp, and then she nestled close to his side, like a weary dove returning to its home.

"Jocelyne!"

"Oh, Mr. Trenholme!"

And then there was a silence—they understood one another quite sufficiently.

When the Squire and his companion came into the house a few minutes later, Miss Mary glancing over the gold rims of her spectacles, perceived the situation at once.

"Come here, Jocelyne, and give me a kiss," she said warmly. "As for you, George——"

"Well—as for me?" interposed the Squire, with a beaming countenance.

"I'm very glad you have got over detesting the French!"

Mr. Trenholme's glance towards his promised wife, full of pride and happiness, warded off Miss Mary's friendly arrow. Jocelyne was a sufficiently good excuse for any masculine inconsistency.

FACETIÆ

—"Hire a hall"—Engage a dray.

—Goat-milk ought naturally to make good butter.

—"Decline of the stage"—An omnibus going down hill.

—Until kerosene was discovered such a thing as a millionaire undertaker was never dreamt of.

—In this talkative age about the only man who can, and does, keep *still*, is, no doubt, the distill er.

—Although there is now considerable dew, the mosquitoes have not commenced to put in their summer bills.

—It is believed by some that iron was first discovered in America by some boys who wanted to raise twenty-five cents to go to a circus.

—Birds of a feather don't think half as much of the business as the girl with a feather—and especially an ostrich feather, in her Spring hat.

—Convivially speaking, Satan's disposition to toast the whole human race, is not to be taken as a proof of his overweening affection for it.

—The mints are the only governmental institutions that do not cost more than they are worth. The fact, if it must be told, is—the mints make money, and plenty of it.

—Numerous fruit-growers are scattered through Pennsylvania, and many are lying about in Delaware. The latter are chiefly lying about the failure of the peach crop.

—The fashions for feminine apparel this season do not tell how to "cut" acquaintances. There is no need of this, however, as every woman understands it instinctively.

—With regard to meteorology, and weather reports generally, there is nothing that looks like "mean temperature" so much as raining the day a fellow wants to go to a pic-nic.

—A burglar, after working hard all Saturday night, was caught Sunday morning, and he explained to a sympathizer that it was nothing but "arrest from his toil," as became the Sabbath.

—A late article in a scientific monthly attempts to show that plants really possess many of man's physical faculties. This is so a certain extent true, for it is undoubtedly a fact that onions smell.

—A crown of strawberry leaves in England is the mark of a Duke, and when we purchase a plate of the fruit in this country just now, it is evidence of fabulous wealth, and a reckless habit of expenditure.

—In some respects man's liberties are less to day than in the middle ages. Then when there was no such thing as carpets or floors to the houses, it was not as much as his life was worth to spit around the house, as it is to-day.

—The world every day sees illustrations of woman's faith. The girl who believes that her No. 5 foot will go in a No. 3 shoe, will always be supplemented by the maiden who cannot be convinced that her scarlet hair is not a rich auburn.

—If we would see a certain industrious class continue to exist, cease all talk about abolishing hanging for murder. Let the death penalty be done away with, and in a month there wouldn't be an organ-grinder or book agent alive in the country.

—Nothing beats lightning for speed, unless it is the way a boy jumps out of bed these mornings, when, after his mother has shouted herself hoarse for him to get up, he finally hears the tread of his daddy's boots upon the lower step of the stairs coming up.

—Observing people who form their notions from what they see people doing, often wonder why the seaside resorts are called "watering places," above all other names, until they remember that fluid really has a sort of representation in the ocean being there.

—A West Philadelphia man believes that the Spitz dog got its name from its long hair offering such excellent qualities as a cuspadore, and consequently when his wife is present uses it as a receptacle for tobacco expectoration in preference to the corner of stove.

—Generosity is a beautiful trait, and should always be encouraged in the young. Yet what life-long animosities have been engendered, and harsh words spoken in many a peaceful neighborhood, by one mother asserting that the son of another mother gave her boy the measles.

—It is not always the spirit of the age which prevents us from uttering our true opinions and sentiments. Sometimes we would tell a man what we thought of him, were he twice as old, if it did not happen that at the same time he was two or three times as big.

—Although there is not yet peace over the Eastern question, there has been, to a certain extent, an amicable settlement of the stove-lighting question. This is due to the fact that the approach of warmer weather has rendered the matter less vital to the majority of heads of households than was the case through the winter.

—It is wrong to depend on first appearances. Many a man has seen the gratifying announcements in the public prints, in large type, of "Money Lent," only to have the enthusiasm completely knocked out of him by reading further down that collateral securities are necessary to complete the transaction.

—It is not surprising that a young Western pastor feels only luke-warm in his work, when the leading deacon temporarily interrupted his discourse on the highest Christian graces, in order to ask him if he had any objections to adjourning the meeting that the people might attend a dog-fight in the next street.

—The ancient Greeks, although an imaginative nation, never symbolized Perseverence by a patch on the southern surface of a man's pantaloons. It was left for the penetration of modern æsthetics to recognize in this fragmentory emblem the proof of the resolute and long-continued sittings-down which is so pre-eminently a trait of American character.

—Science is often opposed to fact. One of the former's most opinionative tenets is that a woman cannot throw. To combat this error there is no need to dive into history or consult the great ones of the past. In the humble present there are thousands of husbands who are only too ready to stand forth and testify in the cause of truth, even to the extent of showing the scars made by the pitchers and stove-plates.

FOR ALL LUNG COMPLAINTS AND THE ATtendant troubles, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is both a palliative and curative. It is a standard remedy besides for Coughs and Colds, and needs only a trial to prove its merit.

OLD LETTERS.

Ay, better burn them. What does it avail
To treasure the dumb words so dear to me?
Like dead leaves tossed before the autumn gale
Will be each written page we cherish thus
When Time's great wind has swept them all away—
The smiles, loves, tears and hatreds of to-day.

Living, we hoard our letters, holding them
Sacred and safe, as almost sentient things;
So strong the yearning tide of grief to stem,
So true when doubt creeps in or reason stings;
Parting may smile, such golden bridge between;
Change cannot come where stamped faith has been.

Dying, we leave them to our children's care,
Our well-prized solace, records of the time
When life lay spread before us, rich and fair,
And love and hope spoke prophecies sublime;
Love slowly gathered through laborious hours—
Wit's playful flashes, sweet poetic flowers.

All these to us, to us—and for a while
Our love will guard the casket where they lie—
Glancing them over with a tearful smile,
Touching their yellowing foldings tenderly;
A little while; but Life and Time are strong;
Our dearest cannot keep such vigils long.

And by and by the cold bright eyes of youth,
Lighting on such old flotsam of the past—
The shattered spars of trust and hope and truth
On the blank shore of Time's great ocean cast—
Will read and judge, with naught of soft behooving,
Dissecting, sneering, anything but loving.

So let us burn them all—the tottering words
The guided baby-fingers wrote so first,
The schoolboy scribble, lines the man affords
To dim old eyes that watched, old hands that nursed,
The girl's sweet nonsense, confidence of friend,
And these, our own, ours only, till the end.

Heap them together. One last fervent kiss,
Then let them turn, ere we do, into dust,
Ashes to ashes. Well and wise it is
To meet the end that comes, as come it must,
And leave no relics to grow gray and rotten,
Wafting the certain doom of the forgotten.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

Incog. though she might wish to be, the new Duchess attracted no little attention at the opera. She kept behind the curtain of her box, and did not seek to be seen or noticed; but the loungers in the stalls found her out, and glasses were levelled at her with the permissible rudeness of fashionable life. One or two of the Duke's friends came to the box to bid him welcome back to England, and were introduced to the beautiful woman whose name was already in the mouths of the upper ten. One and all were loud in praise of her beauty, and fascinated by her pleasant manners.

"Is she really so lovely?" a lady asked of her husband, who had been one of the favored few, and who had come back with a friend from the stalls in obedience to a marital command to tell his wife all about it.

"She's the most perfectly beautiful woman I have ever seen," was the answer, "and a lady to boot."

"A lady! Why, I heard she was a governess—a nobody."

"Then nature has gifted her. She will be the sensation of the season when she is presented, I can assure you."

"Monteagle is always so enthusiastic," said the lady, shrugging her shoulders slightly. "What did you think of her, Mr. Ponsonby?"

"I think his lordship is right," was the reply. "Her Grace of Castletowers is perfectly beautiful—perfect, also, in manners. But——"

"Ah, there is a but—I thought there would be. What is it?"

"I can hardly tell you. There is something about her that suggests a history. She is afraid of something."

"Afraid?"

"Yes; I am certain of it. There is something in her eyes, a quivering of her lips at every sound and footstep, a look of relief when she is introduced to any one, that tell their own story. She reminds me of a German painting I once saw of the nymph of the Lurleyburg—exquisitely beautiful, but painful to look upon—bearing men to destruction with her beauty, yet with a canker at her own heart the while."

"I declare you are worse than Monteagle," said Lady Monteagle, laughing. "I am all impatience to see her."

"You'll have to wait till the third drawing room. Castletowers leaves London for Staffordshire the day after to-morrow for a month, and then they all come back to Brakespeare House for the rest of the season. Lady Royston is to present the Duchess."

Lady Monteagle got a peep at Hilda in the crush room; but the fair head was enveloped in an opera hood, and she saw nothing but a pair of blue eyes and rather a pale face, so she didn't think very much of her, after the manner of women.

Mr. Ponsonby saw her get into the carriage, and saw, also, the man who was watching her, and the look of dread that came over her face as she recognized him again.

"I was right," he said to himself. "There is a story. I expect we have only to watch and wait to see the *denouement*."

A *denouement* which was soon to come, but was undreamed of as yet, and more terrible than the wildest thoughts ever anticipated.

Almost the first person the Duke saw the next morning as he stepped over the threshold of Mivart's was the crossing sweeper of the previous night. He knew him again, for the man's face was not one to be easily mistaken, and he felt annoyed that his wife should be followed like this.

The man recognized him again, too, and came towards him.

"What do you want?" asked the Duke.

"I want to see a lady in that house, sir," the man replied.

"Ah, I know—my wife. She told me she recognized you. What do you want with her?"

"Well, I'm very poor, sir, and I think if the lady saw me she'd help me for a bit till I can get something to do."

There was a cringing whine about the man that was very unpleasant, and the Duke frowned.

"Look here, my man," he said, "I know that you once rendered my wife a service. I don't know what it was, but whatever it might be it shall be paid for in a reasonable way; but I won't have you following her about and annoying her. Here's a sovereign for you, and don't let me see you here again."

The man took the money and put it in his pocket sullenly.

"I'd rather have seen the lady herself, sir," he said, doggedly.

"Then you can't see her, neither now nor at any time. I am quite sure whatever you did for her has been amply paid for, and I warn you that you had better not attempt any extortion. I shall certainly inform the police if I find you here again."

"Very good, sir. I don't want to make things anyways unpleasant."

And the man pulled the ragged front of his hair and shambled off, and the Duke went his way.

The crossing sweeper did not go far. He had seen the face of Hilda at the window, and when the Duke was out of sight he looked up. She was still there, and by a gesture bid him wait a moment.

"Ah, I thought I should be all right," he said to himself, and after a minute or two the porter came to the front door and beckoned him to come up.

"You're to come in," he said, surveying the deplorable-looking object with supreme contempt. "Kick your shoes well here."

"I will, master," he replied; "I won't take up no dirt, and I'm humbly grateful to the lady for seeing me. I thought she'd help me a bit if I could get anigh her."

"You know her, then?" asked the porter, who was curious, like all the rest of the world, about the Duke's bride.

But the man was more than a match for him.

"Well, it isn't for the likes of me to say I know her," he said, humbly. "I once did a bit of work for her, and she said she wouldn't forget me if ever she chanced to see me again. No, I don't know her, except for a good, kind, charitable lady as I've call to be grateful to. And you are as wise now as you were before," he added, with a grin, as he followed the pompous serving man upstairs, "and that ain't saying much. I'm not going to split till I see how I'm served. If she likes to pay me, I'll be as dumb as an oyster. If not——Ah, well, it will be time enough to think what then when it comes."

He was taken into a room the like of which he had never seen before; all soft carpets and bright curtains, and mirrors and flowers. A lady of dazzling beauty, attired in a morning dress of pale blue, was seated on a couch, looking like a fairy vision; but for all her beauty and her luxurious surroundings, he knew her again for the pale faced, terrified looking woman he had once driven for miles over a lonely country road on a dark night.

She looked up at him imperiously as he entered, and pointed to a mat beside the door.

"Stand there," she said; "don't come any nearer. What have you been following me about for?"

"I hav'n't followed you, ma'am," he said, looking straight at her; "leastways, only last night."

"Call me 'your Grace' when you speak to me. I am the Duchess of Castletowers."

"Very good, your Grace."

"And now, what do you want?"

"A bit of help, ma'am—your Grace, I mean. I'm very poor."

"I saw the Duke, my husband, give you some money just now!"

"I want more than that."

"What for?"

"Holding my tongue. Unless your Grace wishes me to speak!"

"Speak of what?"

Hilda was very calm, and her blue eyes never flinched as she looked her unwelcome visitor in the face.

"Of the night you know of, when you made that little excursion with me."

A few feathers from a screen made of the plumage of some tropical bird fluttered at the Duchess's feet as she spoke. She was a little abstracted, and was tearing it to pieces without thinking.

"There is not much to tell in that," she said, carelessly; "my husband knows all about it. You would bring your news to a poor market if you expected to make any profit out of him by talking to him about that night. If you have nothing more to say to me, it is waste of time to stay here, and your presence is disagreeable. I am willing to help you a little more, but I cannot be followed about in this way."

She took out her purse as she spoke, and the man looked greedily at it.

"It might be worth your while to be civil to me," he said, coming quite close to where she sat. "The Duke said something about the police to me. I don't think you would like either the police or his Grace to know what you went to Castletowers village that night for."

"What I went for!"

He had hit the mark now. Her face turned white, and the feathers from the toy she held rained thick and fast upon the carpet. She did not lose her self-possession, though he plainly saw the signs of the agitation she was striving to suppress.

"That is just what you cannot tell," she said, laughing with a short, bitter laugh, "because you do not know."

"I do know, your Grace."

"You!"

"Yes."

"What I went there for that night!"

"Yes."

"What did you see? How do you know?"

"Tell me everything—quick."

He did not know, but he had made a lucky hit; and he had guessed, from what had fallen from the hostler of the King's Head, that there was some valuable secret at the bottom of the lady's nocturnal expedition. He was sharp and shrewd, and knew how to follow up the advantage he had gained.

"There's no call to talk," he said, in a low tone. "They say walls have ears sometimes, and what went on that night isn't a thing to be spoke of. If you want to know what I saw that night, I saw everything."

"But I forbade you to follow me, and you said you had not!"

"I know I did, your Grace," he replied, inwardly cursing himself for a fool that he had not done so. "But a man's curious sometimes, and I did follow you. Now, will you be a friend to me, or shall I carry my story to the Duke?"

"He would not believe you."

"I think he would if I was to show him the place and tell him."

Another hit—straight home this time. The screen dropped from the Duchess's hands, and she put them up to hide her white and quivering face.

"Ah, don't!" she said. "Tell me your price—say what you want for your silence, and you will not find me a niggard. Swear you will not betray me!"

"I don't want to make no mischief," the man said. "But a secret like yours is worth keeping"—how he wished he knew what it was as he spoke—"and a matter of twenty pounds now, and an odd sovereign now and then, would set me up in life."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a sudden sense of relief. She had expected him to ask six times that amount, and to speak of further demands as well. "You shall have it. I don't think I can give it you all now, but will get it; see, here are five pounds. Tell me where I shall send the rest to, and you shall have it."

"Well, I hav'n't got an address, your Grace. I'm not rich enough to live in chambers, you see. If you'll tell me what time you are going out to-morrow, I'll be at the door, and you can give it me in passing—a bit of charity, you see."

His look told her it would not do to evade him, and she promised.

"Between twelve and one the carriage will be at the door," she said; "look for me then."

"I will, your Grace; give me one of those pretty rings as a token, you won't disappoint me. I don't want to be hard on you, but I've got the money's worth, you know."

She pulled a glittering circlet from her finger and handed it to him.

"Anything else?" she asked bitterly.

"Nothing, your Grace."

"Then go away, for heaven's sake."

"I'll give you a bit of warning first."

"What is it?"

"I'm not the only one as knows of this bit of business of yourn."

"Not the only one?"

"No."

"Who besides?"

"Two that I know of. If ever you hear of a dumb man having wanted to see your husband or you, or another that was hostler once at the King's Arms at Stafford hanging about your place, then look out for squalls, for they both know. The dumb man saw it all and told his brother."

He went out and found his way downstairs, leaving the Duchess staring, with rigid face into the fire. She sat there until the chime of the timepiece on the sideboard warned her that the Duke would be back soon, and then she went to her dressing room unattended, and laved her face, and tinted her lips, and touched her pallid cheeks with rouge, till she looked herself once more.

And when the Duke came in she told him how she had seen and spoken to the man, who hadn't meant at all to be rude.

"He's very grateful for what you gave him, Lal," she said, "and he really was very useful to me once. You'll think me dreadfully extravagant, I'm afraid, but I've promised Lim twenty pounds, and I've given him five on account."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A WELCOME HOME.

The road should blossom, the road should bloom,
So fair a bride should leave her home;
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride will pass to-day.

—*Longfellow.*

Whatever care or worry the Duchess of Castletowers carried with her on her progress homeward she hid it bravely. Her husband was perfectly satisfied with the disposition of the twenty pounds—the remainder of which she had given to the man in his presence, as she stepped to her carriage.

He had dressed himself decently out of the money he had already received, and looked quite a different creature to the wan, hollow-eyed tramp they had seen on their road to the opera.

On their journey down to Castletowers the Duke asked his wife what it was that the man had done for her.

A shade came over her pretty face, and she looked troubled.

"Is it a secret?" he asked.

"Oh, no; but it was in that dreadful time before I went to India. It was something that helped me to you, dear; don't let us talk about it."

He fancied it was when she was Miss Chantrelle in London, and drew her to his side and kissed her upturned face.

"We won't talk about it, dear. Let us think only of the welcome that is waiting for us at Castletowers, and how surprised they will all be when they see who their new mistress is."

"They will think you have married a ghost, Lal. I hope dear old Caterham won't die of the fright."

"Not she, nor Phemie either; they'll be delighted."

"I did nearly frighten Lady Euphemia out of her senses once," said Hilda, laughing.

"Do you remember when she came in state to call on 'Mrs. Barbara Hepburn,' and was so mystified at poor old Barby's appearance and manners."

"And ten times more at yours. I don't believe she knows to this day who you really were."

The Duke was mistaken. Lady Euphemia knew very well indeed. As we know, she had had the knowledge from Bracy Burgoyne's own lips. She and the housekeeper were quite in the dark about Hilda's identity. The lawyer and the steward who had both seen her in London, were bound to secrecy by the Duke, and held their tongues.

George Caterham and his wife were at the Hollow—"keeping it warm," as the farmer said, till Mr. Douglas's return. Their presence there had come about in this wise. Mr. Douglas had telegraphed from Cawnpore that he had again been stricken down by illness, and must wait till he was able to travel. Could some one be found to reside in the Hollow till he came?

Mrs. Caterham, Jr., wanted a change—was intensely curious to see the new Duchess, and hear all that went on at Castletowers, and persuaded her mother-in-law to negotiate the matter for them.

"Mr. Douglas would not take any rent from you," the lawyer said, when the arrangement was made. "We are both under great obligations to you and your worthy mother, and your staying here will add to it."

George Caterham would have made some further objection, but the lawyer put it aside.

"Wait till you see Mr. Douglas, Mr. Caterham. I think you will have no scruples then."

And with this reply the farmer was obliged to be content, and he and his wife located themselves at Ferndale till the master of the house should return.

Lady Royston did not like his presence there particularly.

"Last time we were here Phemie had all sorts of small mysteries mixed up with him," she said to herself. "He was very presuming for a common farmer."

But there were no mysteries now. Beyond once speaking to him when she met him in the park, Lady Euphemia had not seen him except in her aunt's presence, and never spoke of him. A few words, spoken smilingly, about the particular cow he had once mentioned in a letter from Caterham, had been all that had passed between them, but they had sent George Caterham home to the Hollow very much enlightened about several matters.

The farmer lent a hand right manfully to the preparations going on for the reception of the Duke and Duchess.

And the great day came at last, and banners waved and music played, and there was rejoicing and jubilee everywhere for miles around Castletowers.

It was a lovely Spring day; the early flowers were beginning to lift their heads, and the trees to break into green buds, and everything looked bright and bursting with welcome.

There was a dinner for the tenants and their wives, feasting for their children, and a huge merrymaking of all sorts for the laborers and their families. The Duke's orders were explicit—there was to be no stint—the day was to be made one to be remembered by all as a bright holiday.

And the train whirled on and Stafford was reached, the Duchess looked about her with bright smiles on her face, but a weary dread in her heart. The remembrance of what the man had told her about the hostler and his brother was ever before her. She had not the slightest recollection of Jem Bragg and no idea what his brother might be like; and every face that seemed to regard her with any particular attention tortured her with the fancy that it might belong to this new Nemesis which had suddenly arisen on her track.

But nothing rose up to stay her entrance into her new dominions, and her heart swelled with pride as she came to the verge of the Castletowers estate and heard the shout of welcome which rose from a little crowd gathered under a triumphal arch erected in the roadway. The carriage stopped, and her husband made her stand up so that all might see her, and then, after a few words of thanks, he sat down again and bade the postilions drive on.

But that was not to be; no horses were to draw the Duke through his own park. A hundred willing hands were there with ropes and tackle, and the four grays were unharnessed in a twinkling.

With a wild hurrah the carriage was moved off again, and in the confusion Hilda did not notice one gentleman out of the *cortege* of horsemen that had waited for them had put spurs to his horse after staring blankly at her for a moment or two, and then ridden off at a gallop in the direction of the castle.

Lady Euphemia sat alone in her dressing room listening to the tumult outside and the distant shouting. She was charmingly dressed in a costume of pink and gray, and was looking her best. She was terrified, without knowing why, at the prospect of the future, and very sad at heart, feeling that Castletowers was no longer a home for her; but she was determined to be no laggard in her welcome to her brother, and to crush back the feeling of discontent at his marriage which would come uppermost, do what she would.

"He has a right to do as he likes," she argued with herself; "and it may not turn out so badly after all. Is that you, auntie? Come in, I'm all alone."

But it was not Lady Royston who had knocked. She was still undecided as to the merits of Honiton or Maltese lace to go with her mauve *moire* dress, and was closeted with Lizzie Pearce, who had looked to the arrangements of her lady's rooms and had some time to spare.

"It's not Lady Royston, your ladyship—it's Mrs. Caterham. May I come in?"

"Come in! Of course you can, Caterham dear," said Lady Euphemia, throwing the door wide open. "Why, what's the matter? Has anything happened to Lionel? Don't tremble like that, but sit down and tell me all about it."

"I'm frightened, my dear; I've had a shock. No; there's nothing gone wrong with his Grace. They're coming—they're at the Willow End by now. It's not that, but——"

"But what?"

For Mrs. Caterham stopped suddenly, and wrung her withered hands.

"I'm dreadfully upset, my Lady. I'm old and nervous. Try and bear with me a minute, till I can speak better. But the Duchess! Mr. Price came galloping up to the house to prepare me; and I think I should have died of fright if I had seen her without knowing."

"You are frightening me, Caterham dear," said Lady Euphemia. "Try and tell me what it is, there's a good soul."

"It's a dead woman, my dear—at least she was dead. She must have come to life again somehow."

"Who?"

"The Duchess."

"Come to life again!"

Lady Euphemia said the words over to herself, with a great horror gathering around her heart—with a dead chill.

"Who has come life? Miss Chantrelle?"

"Ah, my dear, we must all have been deceived somehow! It is no Miss Chantrelle his Grace has married, but the pretty lady that used to live at the Hollow—the one that died. At least, Mr. Price said she did at the time."

"Hilda Sforza!"

"Hilda was her name, sure enough. But what ails you, my dear? What makes you look like that?"

For Lady Euphemia was rocking herself backwards and forwards like one half distracted, and moaning out—

"Oh, Lionel! Oh, my brother! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"You are frightened, as I was, my dear. But it was best to tell you—the shock would have been too great."

"It would indeed. Mrs. Caterham, this is worse and more horrible than anything my wildest fancies ever pictured. Go; they are coming. Hark to the shouting! Go and welcome my brother and the wife he has chosen; and to-night, when all the revelry is over, pray as you never prayed before that heaven will have mercy on this house of misery and horror."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beans."

A Connecticut lover, young and enthusiastic, who sang and played for nearly two hours before the house of his lady love the other evening, was electrified—that is, shocked—after a short pause, by a cordial "thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow," who appeared at the drawing-room window.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

SECOND LOVE.

The November afternoon was darkening fast night as Florence and I drove from the cemetery where we had seen our father laid to rest. I was twenty-two, that summer, and the affianced bride of Albert Freeman; but, since my father's failure and death, I had not seen him; and my heart told me only too plainly that the love which had been given to Marion Wilde, the favored of fortune, had not been transferred to Marion Wilde, the homeless orphan.

Florence, though younger than I, was married; had her home and her husband, and so could afford to look calmly upon my father's failure and death. But I—what was I to do? I must begin the world and earn a living for myself.

We stopped before the mansion that had so long been home—that after to-night would be home no longer.

"I wish to speak to you, Marion," Florence said.

I led the way into the library.

"Well," I said, sitting down in the gloom. "What is it, Florence?"

"It is this, Marion: What do you mean to do?"

"I don't know."

"It is time you did," said Florence. "You must earn your own living. I tell you quite frankly that I cannot offer you a home, and you must get some situation. To-morrow you must leave this house. You have no money. Where are you going?"

I dropped my head on the table and burst into tears. Oh, the unspeakable desolation and misery of that moment! My sister had never been overstocked with affection for her family, and thoughts of the world had always filled a large place in her heart; but it did seem as if she might at least give me time to bury my father before thrusting me into it—and not my father only, but my lover also, for was he not dead to me, and must I not bury him out of my sight?

"I have been more thoughtful for you than you have been for yourself," pursued Florence. "I have found you a temporary home. Mrs. Brown is in want of a seamstress. I have spoken for you; her terms are liberal, and you go at once."

Marion Wilde go out as a seamstress! How coolly she talked of it!

"You will go there to-morrow morning, when you leave here, and while there you can advertise for another place. I must be going. Good-bye."

I did not answer, and she was gone; then I sank down in my loneliness, poverty and misery, and cried until I could cry no longer.

"Oh, Albert, Albert!" I cried in my great grief. "Is this the love you have professed for me?"

And so the long night passed, as all nights must; but the morning found me a changed woman. It seemed as if in that one night I had given up everything that had been dear to me. It did not break my heart, either. Albert Freeman should never do that; when my heart broke, it should be for a worthier object. No! I thanked heaven that I had learned Albert Freeman's unworthiness so soon.

With no choice left, I took my way to Mrs. Brown and remained for three months a member of her family. One morning an advertisement in the paper attracted my attention, and I determined to answer it. It was for a copyist. A few minutes later I knocked at the office door of Edwin Graham. He was a barrister, and one of the most talented men at the bar.

"You advertised for a copyist," I said, "and I have called to see if I could do what you require."

"Will you write something for me," he said, and he placed some writing materials before me.

I wrote several lines, which he examined and said would do.

I found the terms liberal, and carried home a large roll of papers. It was arranged that after this the clerk was to call for my writings and bring me orders.

Mr. Graham called occasionally to give directions about the law papers. He was a man of about thirty-five, very kind in his manner, and he occasionally brought me a book to read. His little kindnesses were very welcome to me in my great loneliness.

I have forgotten to say that I had gone to reside with an old lady whom I had once befriended during a long illness, but who had since received a small legacy which enabled her to live comfortably.

In time my writings grew to be other than the copying of law papers. First, I wrote a short sketch, and sent it to one of the leading periodicals; it was received and paid for, and I continued writing. Soon after, a new book was given to the public, and loudly applauded. A few evenings afterwards, Mr. Graham called and brought me the book, saying he wished me to read it, as he felt sure I should like it. The author was unknown, he said; she only gave a fictitious name; and all the efforts of the public had been unsuccessful in finding her out. I said nothing. I chose to keep my secret.

I had made up my mind to give up copying, and told him so. He looked at me in a surprised way for a moment; then said, "May I ask why, Miss Wilde? Are you to be married? Tell me that it is not so!"

He took my hand, then went on, hurriedly: "I love you; you cannot be surprised at this; you must have heard it before; tell me that no one else has a claim upon your heart."

I told him the story of my past life.

"You cannot care for second love," I said.

But he only clasped me in his arms, saying: "Your second love is more precious to me than the first love of any other woman."

I told him that evening who was the authoress of the book he so much admired. A look of proud joy came into his face.

"I thought it was like you; it made me think of you when I read it; but I did not dream of this. Why have you kept it such a secret?"

"Can you wonder?" I said, "Have I not learned what it was to be loved for my good fortune and forsaken when that forsook me? I wished to be loved for myself alone."

Only once have I met Albert Freeman; it was seven years after my father's death. He did not know of my marriage, and begged me to forgive him.

"O Marion!" he said, "you would forgive and pity me if you knew what I have suffered. Only forgive me, Marion, and let me win your heart once more. Promise to be my wife, and nothing on earth shall part us."

What a flood of bitter memories oppressed my soul!

"There was a time long past," I answered, "when my heart was all your own; but you cast it back as worthless. Have I not suffered, think you? I would not trust you with my heart if it were ever so free; but it is not; I have given it to one that loves me not for my gold, but for myself; I am married to a good and noble man, and I love him with my whole heart."

STRANGE EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.—A French scientific journal notes a curious instance of where lightning striking frequently at the same point has gradually killed vegetation over a considerable area. The current after entering the earth made a deep hole some inches in diameter. For some reason repeated strokes, during the last five or six years, have fallen at this point, and every year the circle of dead currant bushes around it has widened. At present the affected area has a diameter of 20 feet or more, and a large cherry tree some twelve years old has lately died. Fresh hardy bushes and shrubs that are planted within the boundary line die in two years. It would seem that the lightning strokes have some effect in thus destroying vegetation, possibly by producing in the soil chemical compounds injurious to plants.

FEMININITIES.

An Alabama woman gaped her too flexible jaw out of joint.

A wife who has her own will may one day find fault with her husband's.

Woman's silence although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

It is impossible to make an angel of a young lady who persistently uses bad grammar.

Whether old age is to be respected depends much whether it applies to men and women or to poultry.

There is a paper in Kentucky, the *Mount Sterling Sentinel*, which favors sending women to Congress.

Of the forty-one girls who applied for admission to the new Boston Latin School only one was rejected at the examination.

The height of politeness is passing round upon the opposite side of a lady, while walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

The wife of a mail contractor in Pennsylvania has gone on the stage, and drives her four-in-hand between Chambersburg and Gettysburg.

A practical writer suggests that women should be educated by their fathers and husbands to know the value of money and how to take care of property.

Why is it fair to *infer* that women are in favor of the best kind of farming? Because they certainly prefer that all men should be good husbandmen.

A sharp-talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," she said, "it's against the law to carry concealed weapons."

A Virginia woman refused to marry a baldheaded man, though he was a millionaire. She explained, "We'd have a family fight some time, and he has no hair to catch hold of."

Do not trifle with the affections of an innocent young city girl; do not try to make friends with a mule by squeezing its hind foot. If you aspire either way you will find that life is a miserable failure.

A Germantown gentleman has a dog that will not permit him to enter the house if his wife is out of temper. The animal forces a "truce" between his master and mistress, and out of consideration for the latter prevents his entrance.

A sharp little girl in Chicago got out of patience with her pa-in-law's backwardness, and so brought matters to a favorable climax by saying to him, "I really believe you are afraid to ask me to marry you, for you know I would say yes."

Enameling as a practice is said to be increasing among Parisian belles. The method by which faces are enameled is to inject a dose of arsenic in solution of rose water under the skin. Beauty at such a cost must be a terrible thing to purchase.

"The girls of our day are very badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the Bishop of Gloucester. "That cannot be denied," retorted his lordship. "However, there is one consolation, the boys will never find it out."

There are lots of curious folks in this world. They encourage a young lady to devote three or four years to music "because she may have to teach it some day," but neglect to encourage her to learn anything of housework, never dreaming that she may be a wife some day.

John Henry, reading to his wife from a newspaper, "'There is not a single woman in the House of Correction.' There, you see, don't you, what wicked creatures wives are! Every woman in that gaol is married." "It is curious," said she; "but don't you think some of them go there for relief?"

Octave Feuillet says: "Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Beside those two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusion."

Some difficulty has been experienced in endeavoring to account for the fact that the less rational portion of ladies who are not very young, generally make a mystery of their age. One can only suppose that they wish their age to be regarded as uncertain, by reason of a dislike to be considered of a certain age.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

EFFECT OF GROWING PLANTS ON THE AIR.—In a recent article, an eminent sanitarian, Professor Von Pettenkofer, of Munich, argues from data collected by himself and others, that there is no superabundance of oxygen in the vicinity of growing vegetation; and that as a matter of fact, so far as the supply of this gas is concerned, the country, with its boasted superiority, is not much better off than the city. This is quite the contrary of what has usually been taught.

SILK FROM MUSSELS.—A German naturalist suggests the industrial application of the products of the mussel. The well known strong silky threads which these animals spin to fasten themselves to rocks and stones are pointed out as a probable raw material to rival the somewhat similar threads spun by the silkworm. The threads of one species have been worked into fine fabrics and made into gloves, and have for a long time been in use among the poorer class of women and girls in Italy for such purposes.

THE GARDENER BIRD.—This bird, which has become but recently known, is not only an expert architect, building a nest like the bower bird of Australia, but also a gardener, laying out a garden in front of it. The bird is a native of New Guinea, and makes its nest of the stems of an orchid. In front of the nest a dressed lawn of moss is formed, on which the attentive male places, day by day, for the delectation of his mate, flowers and fruits of bright colors and pleasing flavor. The orchid belongs to a hitherto unknown species.

SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.—The alarming rapidity with which shortsightedness is increasing among German students formed the subject of a recent debate in the Prussian Parliament. From extended observations made in the gymnasia it appears that the number of the shortsighted increases from 23 per cent. in the first year to 75 per cent. in the ninth or last year. The too frequent custom in Germany of forcing lads to study in the evening, with insufficient light and in ill-ventilated rooms, is undoubtedly a cause of this widespread evil.

DOUBLE POSTAL CARDS.—Double postal cards have been in use in Switzerland for a year or more. The material is paper of the same quality, but a little lighter than that of the postal cards of the United States. The card is folded into two leaves, which may be separated at the crease, each of which is five and a half inches long by three and five-eighths inches wide—a size considerably larger and more serviceable than that of our postal cards. The printing on both cards is the same, and each has a stamp, that on the return half of the card of course remaining uncancelled until it is remailed.

DREAMING PLANTS.—Dr. Darwin, in his recent paper on the analogy between animal and plant life, says: There is one, but only a fanciful resemblance between the sleeping of plants and animals, namely, that both have the power of dreaming. I have been sitting quietly in the hothouse at night waiting to make an observation at a given hour, when suddenly the leaf of a sensitive plant has been seen to drop rapidly to its fullest extent and slowly rise to its old position. Now in this action the plant is behaving exactly as if it had been touched on its sensitive joint; thus some internal process produces the same impression on the plant as a real external stimulus. In the same way a dog dreaming by the fire will yelp and move his legs as if he were hunting a real and not an imaginary rabbit.

GREEN SYRUP.—Some years ago a gentleman had occasion to call early in the morning at a prominent pharmacy. Standing near the large and showy soda water apparatus which formed one of the principal features of the shop, he chanced to observe some drops of a green liquid on a marble counter under one of the syrup cocks. Somewhat surprised, he innocently asked, "What green syrup is this? Something new?" "Oh, no," replied the assistant, "that's lemon; it's always green in the morning after standing all night." The assistant did not think it necessary further to explain that this beautiful green tint was due to poisonous contamination from the copper tank and brass cocks in which the syrup was contained. Such was the fact, however, and cases as bad as this are still unfortunately too common. The danger of metallic poisoning from the apparatus for dispensing soda water lurks in precisely those parts which it is the most difficult for the purchaser to examine.

SALLIE'S EARS.

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

"If I had such big ears as Sallie Turner, I'd wear them corked all the time," indignantly exclaimed Maggie Stone to a group of girls by whom she was surrounded. "I do believe she's got Indian blood in her veins, for she's always listening—always 'on the track' that leads to some mischief."

"Why, Maggie!" exclaimed gentle Flora Ray, "where have Sallie's ears been now? They're such pretty, dainty little ears, too. I'd give anything, and everything that I have to give to own a pair just like them, instead of these great floppers!" putting her hands up to the lobes of her great, honest ears, and laughing merrily while making them flop backward and forward, like flags fluttering to the breeze.

"Why, Flora!" exclaimed half a dozen voices, in gentle remonstrance, while Maggie sprang toward her, wound her arms around her neck, and putting a tender little hand over each of "the floppers," declaring, with considerable feeling:

"We girls need these 'flags of peace,' and we'd all 'go to war,' if they should draw themselves into a half-mast position, wouldn't we, girls?"

"Yes, indeed!" in musical chorus.

"But what has Sallie heard?" questioned an anxious voice, "not all about——"

"Yes, she has too," interrupted Maggie, "and I don't see how she could, for you know, girls, she was sound asleep, and breathing hard, before we dared even to whisper about our plans."

"That comes of having to sleep in a dormitory," snapped out a girl that was known among her schoolmates as Sharp Scissors, because she clipped her words out, just as scissors cut the threads of a long seam, with a sharp, metallic click at each clipping.

"I don't see, anyway, why we should be put to roost like so many chickens perched up in an old hen house. Sallie is nothing but a little bantam, to be sure, but she can cackle as loud as Shanghai Jane."

"Sharp Scissors clip away, and if you could only clip half of Sallie's ears off the school would be better!" declared Maggie in excited tones, so loud and clear that they rang sharply through the recreation hall, and tingled the ears of Sallie herself.

Involuntarily Sallie put her hands tight up to her head, as if she were really afraid that her ears were in danger of being clipped off.

Then her face flushed crimson; down came her hands like two little bullets, ready to strike. She started up, then sat down again for a moment, opened her hands and smoothed one, two or three times over the other, as if she were trying to smooth away the angry thoughts she had clasped.

Sallie then felt, in a puzzled way, all around the rim of her ears, wondering what made them feel so small. If half of them needed clipping off.

"I don't believe it," she said to herself. "There's Flora Ray, with ears big enough to make forty like mine, yet the girls always say she's got such good, nice, ears. "Ugh!" with a little shrug. "hers might do well enough for a chromo girl, but I'm a real oil painting kind of a girl, and my ears are not too big, but as dainty and pretty as ears can be, and Sharp Scissors shan't touch 'em. She looks sometimes as if she'd like to jerk them out by the roots. How it would hurt!" with a shudder, "and then I'd have no place to hang my diamond earings. But I *do* wonder if something isn't wrong about my ears. I've often heard the girls talk about my ugly ears—when they didn't know that I was around—girls that have the thickest, flappiest ears that ever heard a pin drop. I don't understand it all;" with another fingering of her dainty ears.

"Just look at Sallie!" clicked Sharp Scissors to the group at the other end of the room, "she's rubbing her ears up to be in working order, but it's all wasted labor, as they work it seems even when she's asleep. How else could she have found us out? You didn't tell us, Maggie."

"Nor can I tell," answered Maggie, "I only heard Shanghai Jane and Ears talking about it, and saying they thought it was their duty to tell Miss Holden."

"'Cackle, cackle, cackle! I found an egg,' I suppose they say," clipped off Sharp Scissors.

"Won't it be awful mean to spoil our fun!" exclaimed one indignant voice.

"Mean!" snapped out Sharp Scissors, "there's nothing too low for Bantam to peck at, and as for Shanghai Jane, she'd cackle over a nest egg."

"Well," chimed in the soft voice of Flora Ray, "I believe I'm glad about it, for I didn't feel the least bit angry or indignant, and those queer shivers that have been creeping up and down my back all day have gone away. Do you know, girls, I can hardly endure looking at Daisy Green? It seems just as if her great, timid eyes had looked right through me, and found out how we were plotting against her tranquility. And so I say let's go and tell Miss Holden ourselves, that we have all just escaped turning into ghosts. Let's tell her all about it, and then we will feel all right again. Why, girls," in tones of deep disappointment, "none of you say 'agreed,' and I thought it would be such an easy way to lighten the burden that is hanging like lead on my conscience."

"Flora, your conscience is like a sponge—squeeze it, and it will bring water," clipped out Sharp Scissors, "and just so sure as Miss Holden gets hold of it, she'll squeeze it till she brings water enough from your eyes to drown us all. There we will stand before her, feeling as flabby and squirmy as so many fish out of the water. For my part, being now in the deep, I say let's stay there till we can swim to land without being whipped up by her chastening rod of a tongue."

"I say so too!" came in chorus from the rest.

"Well, girls, promise that you won't play ghosts, and I'll let my conscience go without the squeezing," urged gentle Flora Ray.

"Oh!" with a laugh, a clap of her hands and an Irish breakdown kind of dance around the girls, "I've thought what we can do!" exclaimed Maggie. "We'll let little Quake-in-her-shoes alone, but we can tell Shanghai Jane and Ears we thought about making her a midnight visit, but have concluded not to do so, as it might disturb the slumbers of—our consciences—then they will have nothing to tell."

"We must never let them know," clicked Sharp Scissors, "that we were afraid that Shanghai Jane might cackle loud enough to create a vibration in the eardrum of the old woman who lived in the shoe."

"O, Scissors! when were you ground last?" asked the laughing voice of Maggie Stone.

"The last time I was rubbed against a Stone," clicked Sharp Scissors; and then her mouth closed as tightly as any scissors, steel or human, were ever known to close before.

All the other mouths opened, and let out such a merry laugh, that the Scissors were soon wide spread again.

"Well, Maggie," with an energetic click, "suppose you go and tell Shanghai Jane and Ears that we are sorry to choke their cackle, but the egg isn't going to be laid, and so the proposed mischief won't hatch out."

"Until further brooding," chimed in a merry voice.

"All right," responded Maggie, "but you have not heard the best of my idea yet. I have not got over a ghostly inclination if the rest of you have. I think if we should pay Shanghai Jane a midnight visit, after that our consciences might snore if they liked. It would only be fixing things even, for she has spoiled our fun with little Quake-in-her-shoes, and we have spoiled her cackling, and so by our turning and whirling our fun on her, it will fix Shanghai Jane right, and make things agreeable for us too. Don't you see?"

They all saw, and when Maggie said: "Come, Sharp Scissors, let us announce our good resolutions to Shanghai Jane and Ears," Flora Ray's was the only troubled face, and her gentle "no, no!" was drowned in a ringing laugh as the two girls left the group to join Shanghai Jane and Ears.

Shanghai Jane was the tallest girl in school. Perhaps that is the reason she saw everything that was going on. Whatever she heard too, would rush into both ears and go pouring out of her mouth. Things she heard always found that channel for escape.

As Sharp Scissors would say:

"Shanghai Jane scratches for news, and always cackles it out, when she finds it, close to the hen-house door."

Shanghai Jane had very few friends among her schoolmates; and when pretty Sallie Turner entered the school, being a warm-hearted, loving little girl, she felt sorry for this big lonely girl.

Ever since the day when she had put her arms around Jane's neck, and said: "I am little, I know, Jane, but I can love big, and I will love you big if you will let me keep the lonesome away from you," Sallie had been guarding Jane against the gloomy thoughts that always step into the lives of lonesome people.

These two girls had one same fault—ears ready to catch up everything they heard.

Shanghai Jane took pleasure in repeating things she heard, for the sake of annoying her playmates; and would chuckle to herself if she could bring punishment down upon them by the too ready use of her tongue.

Sallie caught up the words of those around her, and let them out again in a careless, thoughtless way, that was as free from evil intention as is a cool, fresh breeze that blows over the country, and whispers among the flowers and trees it meets.

Generally Sallie would unburden her, "I heard that" into the willing ears of Shanghai Jane; and so came to be called Shanghai Jane's Ears, which was shortly abbreviated to Ears.

The girls hardly realized what really innocent little ears they were; else they would not have made them tingle as often and as sharply as they sometimes did.

Maggie Stone and Sharp Scissors crossed the hall, and entered into a lively conversation with Shanghai Jane and Ears.

While they were talking Daisy Green walked past them, with her shy eyes cast down.

"What a girl Daisy Green is," clicked out Sharp Scissors. "I wonder if she thinks we are all bears and alligators, watching our chance to hug her to death, or swallow her alive."

A quick, knowing glance flashed from Shanghai Jane's eyes into Sallie's.

Maggie, noticing it, gave herself a sly pinch, to "preserve her equilibrium," she afterwards told the rest of the conspirators.

Sharp Scissors noticed it too, and clipped out smoothly, as if the "hinges" were all nicely oiled:

"Do you know, Jane, it made me feel as if I were almost a bear, or an alligator, or something of the kind when Daisy passed just now."

"Why?" questioned Shanghai Jane in mock surprise.

Then Sharp Scissors explained, with an occasional interruption from Maggie, all about the ghosts that had meditated making Daisy a midnight visit.

"Our consciences have been trying to bleed us to death ever since we decided to frighten little Quake-in-her-shoes; and so we have given it all up," with a final, decided click.

Shanghai Jane looked disappointed, but said:

"I am so glad, for Daisy has not any spirit, and she would be frightened half to death, and really think the ghosts of her forefathers were around—foolish little thing."

"Well, *she* will have no occasion to be frightened now," snapped out Sharp Scissors, giving Maggie a twinkling glance.

After turning away from Jane and Sallie, Sharp Scissors clicked out:

"I wonder if Shanghai Jane understood what that emphatic *she* meant. Do you think she did, Maggie?"

"No, indeed," answered Maggie. "You know Shanghai Jane is not as bright as she is tall."

Returning to the waiting group, Sharp Scissors and Maggie assured them that their secret was safe from Miss Holden.

"We must not get caught again!" exclaimed Maggie.

"No," snapped out Sharp Scissors, "that we mustn't. We know what is to be done, and all we have got to do is to work with our hands, and not let our mouths know what the hands doeth. Then we will be safe."

So the subject was dropped as their only safeguard.

Never did a half dozen girls enjoy a sunset more than did that mischievous group, waiting for the world around them to sink into slumber.

At last the time drew near for them to represent the ghosts of the departed.

Silence and darkness—the twin daughters of night—were hovering over the school, when Sharp Scissors slipped out of bed, and glided like a white, faint moonbeam from bed to bed, till she had summoned before her all of the ghosts to be.

Then silently, cautiously busy fingers, by means of dapp blue matches, drew on their respective ghost sheets, six fiery faces.

Then wrapping their ghostly emblems around them, they glided in a manner that they supposed would do credit to ghosts in general, to the other end of the dormitory, and stationed themselves around the bed occupied by Shanghai Jane.

Two stood at the foot with one arm stretched upward, two at the side with both arms pointing upward, while the two at the head leaned over the sleeping girl, with a hideous, fiery grin ready to greet her upon awaking.

Sharp Scissors gave the sleeper such a fine, small pinch with her tapering fingers, that she awoke with a start.

The apparitions before her, pointing upward, frightened all of Shanghai Jane's wits away.

She thought they had come to carry her off.

Screaming out:

"I won't go! I won't go!" her long arms and longer legs flew out, and kicked in every direction.

The unearthly yells that poured out of her throat, were too much for every placid sleeper, not only in the dormitory, but in the whole building.

So when the surprised and startled Miss Holden opened the door to see what was the matter, she found the dormitory in the utmost confusion.

From some of the little beds, small, white upright figures were staring wildly around.

One or two were standing on their beds, jumping up and down, and crying out in frightened tones:

"Oh, dear! dear! oh, dear!"

Some were flying from one end of the room to the other, calling out:

"Fire! fire!"

Shanghai Jane, trembling all over, and shrieking, soon brought Miss Holden to her side.

Miss Holden spent a long time in soothing her before asking questions; and then, when Jane was calmer, learned that "crowds of creatures with fire faces, had been trying to carry her off."

Suspecting either tricks on the part of the girls, or that Jane had been dreaming, Miss Holden began an investigation.

She then saw that six beds were unoccupied, and in very severe tones called out:

"The young ladies who are still out of their beds will return to them at once," stepping lightly forward as she spoke.

"Oh, my toe!" clicked out Sharp Scissors, almost close to Miss Holden's ear.

Looking down, she saw protruding from under the side of Jane's bed the slender hand of Sharp Scissors trying to squeeze the pain out of her foot, that had been stepped on.

Paying no attention to her, Miss Holden remarked still more severely:

"Young ladies, did you hear?"

Instantly six sorry-looking spirits suddenly crept out from under six occupied beds, and with less dignity than shame crept back into their respective places.

"I will see you in the morning, young ladies," remarked Miss Holden, with severe reproof in her tones, as she left the room.

Just as fervently as the girls had longed for the sun to set the night before, they longed for it to stay set, and never get light any more.

But the sun has always been an early riser, and he could not think of changing his habits to put off the deserved punishment of six naughty girls, and so he rose promptly in the morning, in the brightest, best of spirits after his refreshing slumber.

The girls rose too, feeling anything but refreshed.

Amongst the first thing Sharp Scissors clicked out, was:

"O, girls, I am unhinged. I feel so stupid and streaked."

"If you are unhinged, Miss Holden will adjust the screws, and you'll be all right again," said one voice in mock comforting tones.

When the time came to visit Miss Holden's room, each of the six girls held their breath at the door a moment, and then, trying to put on a brave face, entered.

They listened to such a kind, motherly talk on the dangers of playing tricks, that when they left tears filled their eyes, and good resolutions, "never to do anything like it again," filled their hearts.

Then Miss Holden had a private conversation with Shanghai Jane, and somehow Jane never seemed the same to the girls after that day.

She seemed to have dropped off the habit of listening, as one drops off an old stained dress that isn't fit to wear.

"Was she frightened out of it?" the girls often thought.

Jane could have told them: "No! I was talked out of it."

Miss Holden had made her realize how unlovable it made her, and how ill, too, such a habit became little girls who were growing into the dignity of maidenhood.

Jane ever afterwards said, when Sallie came running to her with something to tell:

"Never mind, Sallie. Your ears will ache carrying so much, after a while, if you let them catch up anything now."

And so no more news fell into Sallie's ears.

THE Bible is being revised by two committees, one English—one American. The English share has been done, and now the Americans have it in charge. The latter have revised all the Revelations and four of the smaller epistles. Seventy-five of the best scholars of England and America are absorbed in this great work. The grand rhythm of the King James edition, which is the Bible now in use, will be preserved, and the whole book will be complete in its new form within three years.

It is common for our intellectual young men to remark, "Don't give me away now." This shows they have a delicate appreciation of their value. It is barely possible that some one might take them for something as a gift, but in the cheapest process of barter the most of them wouldn't find a single purchaser.

A Camden woman was prevented from attending the funeral of her sister by the non-arrival in time of a lace handkerchief from New York. The brutality of the railway company is severely commented on by the neighbors.

A cheap way of getting credit for liberality was devised by the managers of a fair in Illinois, who offered a premium to the oldest spinster present. Of course nobody claimed it.

A standing joke—Getting up to offer your seat to a lady in a car, and then having her give it to her husband.

FARM AND GARDEN.

GRAFTING WAX.—The good old rule for grafting wax is one of tallow, one of rosin, and four of beeswax. The wax works fairly on a warm day and does not run in the heat of Summer.

POULTRY HOUSES.—Wooden floors are objected to for poultry houses for the reason that they tend to cause the birds to become duck-footed, and what is of more consequence, absorb and retain dampness from the droppings, and so prove a source of cramp and other ailments.

THINNING PLANTS.—When seeds, either in the cold frame in pots or out-of-door seed-beds, come up too thickly, it is well to cut off the first leaves with sharp pointed scissors rather than pull them up, which deranges the soil and interferes with the delicate roots of those that are to remain. The tiny plants are, at this stage, dependent upon the first leaves for life. The same may be said of radishes, lettuce, etc., which, sowed too thickly in rows, have to be thinned out.

A CHEAP FENCE.—Small rails from quartered poles are used, with less than the ordinary crook of a worm fence, to the height of four rails. Halved poles are used for the two upper rails; these are placed on the edge to give greater height to the fence. Two small stakes at each angle are let in the ground a few inches, spreading some at the bottom to give strength to the fence, and are held by screws, above the fifth rail, just far enough apart to admit the half poles, the top rail being supported by the wire, some inches above the fifth rail, if desired.

RATS AND MICE.—Rats and mice will go into a trap much more readily if a piece of looking-glass is put in any part of the trap where they can see themselves. They are social little creatures, and where they can see any of their tribe there they will go. Our informant says: I am quite sure of the effect the looking-glass has, as I properly baited my trap for a whole week without being able to coax one of the depredators in; but the first night after putting in the looking-glass I caught two—one very large and one small rat; and every night since the device has made one or more prisoners.

COMMON SENSE IN HORSE-SHOEING.—Usually a needless amount of the hoof is pared away. In a perfect foot all that should be cut off is the lower surface on which the shoe is to rest. Sometimes, to render the tread level, one side wants cutting away more than the other, and often there is excessive growth at the toe, and sometimes at the heel, which excess should be cut away. The shoe should be fitted on the foot, and not the foot to the shoe, as is usually done. A healthy frog should never be interfered with. The purpose of the frog is to mitigate the jarring produced by the bringing of the foot to the ground. There is no harm, however, in removing the shreds from it.

PROTECTING YOUNG PIGS.—A letter from Paris says that many pigs have been tried to prevent sows from devouring their young; the mother's voracity is due to the pain the young inflict on her when first commencing to suckle, for they are littered with milk teeth, and the latter, often not being sufficiently distant from one another, the teat is thus bitten. In France, the milk teeth are extracted from the jaw, so the mother, not being wounded, does not become furious. Another plan is to rub the young with gin, as also the mother's snout; the odor will ward off her attacks. Or pour into her ear at the moment of littering, some drops of a mixture composed of two parts of tincture of opium and fifteen of camphored alcohol; this will cause sleep, and when she awakens the young will have taken possession each of its teat, and the first "nips" will be forgotten.

Out of Tune.

When the tones of a musical instrument become harsh and discordant, we say it is "out of tune." The same may be said of that far more wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, the human structure, when it becomes disordered. Not only actual disease, but those far more common causes, overwork, mental anxiety, and fast living, may impair its vigor and activity. The best remedy for a partial collapse of the vital energies, from these as from other causes, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is at the same time as agreeable and mind-cheering cordial, and the best possible invigorant in all cases of debility. It is an incomparable stomachic and anti-bilious medicine, eradicates fever and ague, and prevents subsequent attacks. It remedies with certainty and thoroughness bowel and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatic troubles, and many other bodily ailments. It also counteracts influences which predispose to disease.

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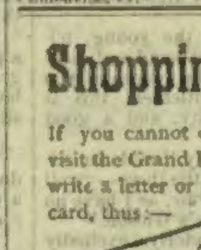

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With Side Supporters and self-adjusting pads, has a world-wide reputation. Price $2.50. Their Nursing Corset is the delight of every mother. Price, $1.75. Their new

Flexible Hip Corset,

(338 bones), is warranted not to break down over the hips. Price, $1.75.

For sale by leading merchants. Samples sent by mail on receipt of price.

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Relieved and cured, without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. Sherman's system. Office, 251 Broadway, N. Y. His book, with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for 10 cents.

15 CENTS FOR AN ELEGANT Chromo and Name Chimes for three months. Try it. Sunset Chimes Pub. Co. 75 Madison St., Chicago.

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our staple goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. Address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

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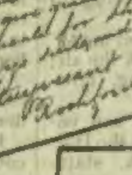

DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR will force a heavy beard on the smoothest face, in from 28 to 42 days, or money refunded. Sent by mail, sealed, for $1. Circulars free. Address DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR CO., Box 2832, New York City.

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50 BEST CARDS, no two alike, printed in Crimson or Jet, 12c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

AGENTS Wanted to sell our WATCHES, NOVELTIES, etc. $12 WATCH FREE. Outfit Free. G. M. HANSON & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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25 ELEGANT Cards, (25 styles) or 40 Fine Mixed, with name 10c. Helen Card & Co. New Haven, Conn.

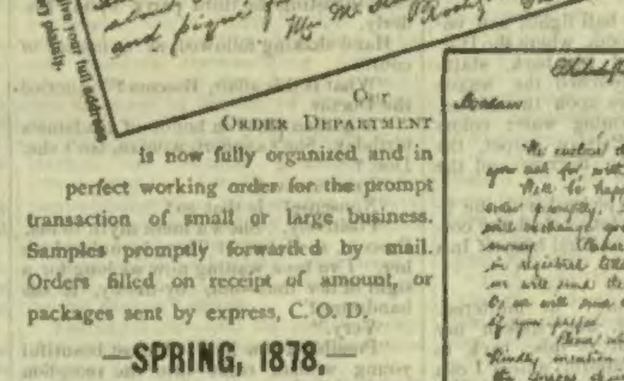
50 BEST Mixed Cards, with name, in case, 10c., or 25 no 2 alike, 10c. Outfit 10c. Dowd & Co., Bristol, Ct.

DIVORCES, in any State, without publicity. Send stamp for the law. G. R. Sims, Chicago, Ill.

25 3-PLY CARDS, all styles with name, 10 Cents post-paid. J. W. Brockway, Wilson, N. Y.

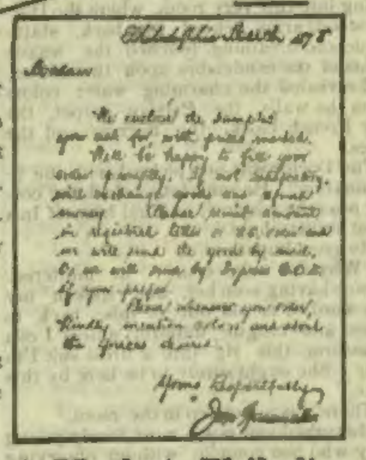
Shopping Without Leaving Home.

If you cannot come to Philadelphia and visit the Grand Depot in person, write a letter or postal card, thus:—


John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia.
Please send samples from 25c to 50c yd.
Black Cashmere, 46 inch, for skirt.
Figured brocade for vest.
Also, some dress flannels.
Send for Spring Catalogue.
Yours truly,
Mr. Mc Shopperant
Rockford, Ill.
Remember to give your full address very plainly.

This will ensure you the same attention you would receive if you made your purchases in person at our counters. Postage on Goods sent out is one cent an ounce.

SPRING, 1878.


Philadelphia March 27 1878
Mr. Wanamaker
Sir
We received the samples you sent for with price marked. We're happy to fill your order promptly. If not satisfactory, will exchange goods or refund money. Other prints cheaper in lighter tints & 36 inch cloth we will send the goods by mail, C. O. D. or will send by Express C.O.D. if you prefer.
When ordering please refer to this letter, kindly mention order and state the prices desired.
Yours Respectfully
Jno Jonesville

Our ORDER DEPARTMENT is now fully organized and in perfect working order for the prompt transaction of small or large business. Samples promptly forwarded by mail. Orders filled on receipt of amount, or packages sent by express, C. O. D.

—SPRING, 1878.—

Opens with a larger and better assortment of every variety of Goods than we have ever before offered.

John Wanamaker, 13th & Market, Philad'a.

LADIES ARE ALL LOOKING

For POTTERY DECORATIONS, FOR UMBRELLA HOLDERS, CUSPADORES, VASES, &c., SCRAP-BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS and many other purposes, being a cheap and easily acquired mode of decoration, this art has been seized upon with avidity by all classes of people. We import the finest designs.

☞ To introduce our goods we will send our "GEM" selection of 8 FULL SHEETS of ornaments on receipt of 25 cents, and 2 cent stamp for illustrated Catalogue. You will be more than satisfied. Address,

BERLIN & YEDDO CHROMO CO.,
111 Fulton Street, New York.

To all who mention this paper we will send an extra sheet of Ornaments, "A Pair of Carrier Pigeons."

MAY.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY M'CULLOCH.

Oh, the merry, happy-hearted May
Through the park is tripping lightly;
And the merry maiden marks her way
With the flowers that blossom brightly;
Now the leaves grow green and glossy,
Hear ye not the robins sing?
And the lovers' banks grown mossy
Since the coming of the Spring.
For too long the Winter's will was law,
And life lay prone before him;
And snow for grass too long we saw;
Now Spring is victor o'er him.
Welcome, Spring—Spring; welcome Spring
—Spring,
That such rich treasures brings;
Welcome, Spring—Spring; welcome Spring
—Spring,
That bids all Nature sing.
Spring so dear,
Sweet Spring is here!

Now, away we go in search of flowers
While we muse on by-gone pleasures;
What Prince had ever park like ours,
So bright with Nature's treasures!
All the dreams that poets cherish,
All the themes that stir the soul,
In our pleasant park we nourish,
As around the seasons roll.
From the hill we see the Schuylkill bend,
In the glen the mimic river;
While in fields and woods gay colors blend,
In a fashion set forever.
Through the park, hark! In the park, mark!
The birds and flowers of Spring;
Through the park, hark! In the park, mark!
The sounds and sights of Spring!
Spring so dear,
Sweet Spring is here!

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON DUMFERT.

VI.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

No sooner had Enderly mounted the cab than the absurdity of this impetuous move made him smile. This idea of a celebrated city physician, known in all circles, and apt to meet, even in this throng, scores of his friends and patients, and to have their comments upon this intrusion of his, struck him as more than a mere joke, and he was on the point of relinquishing his intention of entering, when, upon second thought he came to the conclusion that he would brave the results, and interview this lady if possible; and if not, extract an atom of pleasure out of the contemplation of such a gay assemblage of happy people. Full of these thoughts after he had passed the lackeys who had tried to keep him out, and who did not notice him on the cab, without a word to the driver, as soon as the vehicle stopped on account of a long line of carriages blocking the road, Enderly descended, and mingled unobserved amid the throng of servants, coachmen and waiters who were crowding about the lawn.

He did not wish to attract any notice whatever, for various reasons, and he was not too well pleased to see here and there a familiar face which he didn't care to recognize openly.

He walked quietly along through a vista of sheltering trees and bushes, and reached at last the rear of the house. There were very few persons here, and nobody paid any particular attention to his appearance.

The Doctor passed into the house, reached a wide vestibule, and entered a stylish reception room.

He was seen by a servant, who followed him in, and asked him who he wished to see.

"Mr. and Mrs. Holbrooke," said the Doctor.

"They are not in. They are in New York."

"Then let me see the lady—their aunt."

"Mrs. Royer?"

"Yes."

He took a card from his case, wrote upon it in pencil, "merely to ask an important question," and handed it to the servant, who left the room.

The Doctor looked about him. It was nearly seven o'clock on the evening of a most delightful day, and the sweet odors from the garden almost oppressed him with their redolence. There was a murmur of many mingled voices and music on the long lawn which stretched down into a copse, near which was the scarlet marquee and the pavillion.

Lights twinkled in the tents and afar in the glades. There was a constant passing throng of people and carriages, a great prancing of horses, and a great deal of bowing and hand-shaking between masculines in full dress and feminines in full feather, and up and down stairs was heard the rustling of silks, trains, and the laughter of ladies.

The Doctor fell to thinking, and wondered what the denouement of this queer riddle would be. Here he was an uninvited guest in the midst of a splendid party, through the merest chance in the world, and all because that old Winthrop—that wizard of a Winthrop, had wrought some kind of spell and entrapped him here.

It was too funny to be standing like a fool in this little reception room looking out of the window at the crowds, and really dazed by his adventure, awaiting to know not what.

"The ground may open at my feet next," he thought; "or I may fly through the air; I am prepared for any queer thing, however."

Servants lighted the hall lights, and entering into this very room, where the Doctor stood, arms behind his back, statuesque and dreaming, touched the waxen lights of the candelabra upon the mantel, and revealed the charming water colors upon the walls, the Persian carpet, the tiny French clock, the mirrors and the vases.

The Doctor was not pleased with the illumination. He sank into a shadowy corner near the window, and hid himself in a great velvet chair.

He grew impatient.

"Why don't she come?" he muttered. "Once having seen her, and spoken my one word, I'm off out of this, back to quiet and fatigue uniform; unless I can transform this rig into a dress suit I'm lost. She ought surely to be here by this time."

There was a footstep in the room.

He turned and saw a most lovely young lady who had come in without observing the presence of the stranger, and whether for the purpose of glancing in the mirror or merely to consult the time piece, Enderly could not determine. But he thought he had never seen such a beautiful woman.

She disappeared as quickly as she had entered.

It was Mattie, Mrs. Royer's daughter.

"Now that sight reconciles me to this visit," said the Doctor to himself. "Wonder if old Martin, the weasen-faced old wizard, sorcerer, and possibly genii, all in one, contrived this apparition too? Well, it's magnificent. I wish I had a dress coat though."

Fully half an hour had elapsed, and yet no signs of Mrs. Royer.

Just as Enderly was beginning to grow weary, everybody seemed to have deserted the house entirely, the servant reappeared, and said:

"Mrs. Royer will see you in a moment. She is going to supper in the pavillion."

"Very well."

Out went the servant again.

"If she doesn't appear soon, I'll disappear too!" growled Enderly, looking after the retreating lackey. "I'm stranded high and dry, it seems—cast away on a desert island of etiquette, with not even the consolation of a man Friday; unless that was he."

Enderly rose from where he was sitting and walked out of the room, through the hall, and out on to the veranda, and then down the cool gravel walk.

"I'm booked, I'm afraid, unless I find the hackman who landed me," he said to himself as he strode down the deserted walk.

He could scarcely understand why all the crowd had disappeared. He did not comprehend the tumult at the pavillion, the mob inside and outside, the mob inside struggling for meat and drink, the mob of servants, coachmen and footmen outside peeping, as well as they could, through the folds of the pavillion, and surging and running around it, and about it, as if they sought its destruction.

Enderly was becoming disconsolate. He was thinking he had reaped the reward, or rather the punishment, the *peine forte et dure*, of his audacious advent, so solitary he was, so ill at ease, and so unmindful of the gay scenes around him. He could have found at least a semblance of pleasure by merely going over to the pavillion, and he would not have been noticed in the crowd there; but he chose to pace the gravel walk, dark with its shadows of trees and shrubs, and damp with dew, and he then became actually melancholy on account of his reveries.

The sweet apparition he saw—Bessie—this gay throng—the old, old mechanic, the inventor—the abused Lear—Martin Winthrop; these were the substance of his dreams.

After a while he heard footsteps and voices, and three figures came up the path. They were personages who seemed very jolly, and as they passed Enderly, he bitterly craving companionship, exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I wish I could find Mrs. Royer!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed one—the youngest of the three, "she's buried in a mixture of gossip and salad over yonder, and there's been a little fuss there, too."

"How is that?" asked Enderly.

"Why, my dear sir, there's no such thing as getting a morsel to eat over there. I made three charges upon the ice cream—each time I was defeated. My last charge was like the charge of the Six Hundred—a bold affair, I assure you; but unlike those cavaliers, I came out vanquished, after destroying a mould of strawberry ice, and leaving the marks upon a score of silk dresses, and creating a din among the other sex, sir—females, I mean—which will outlive in my memory the horrible associations of this night. I can assure you."

Enderly and the other gentlemen laughed.

"I'm a stranger here—an uninvited guest. But my errand is to see Mrs. Royer. See her I must if I wait till midnight."

"She has her hands full to night" said another of the three; "but come, let us get a quiet place somewhere where we can sit down, enjoy a smoke, and talk. I'm sick of this noise."

"Come one," said the third shadow of the trio. "I know where old Royer keeps his Havanas. This way, gentlemen."

Enderly keeping with the party, they approached a little summer house built near the mansion itself, and intended as a bachelor retreat for Mr. Royer's friends, but as he had no friends except business friends, and never invited anybody out to the Royer domain, unless to talk business, this little retreat had been comparatively deserted.

One of the party struck a match and lighted the gas.

Enderly was on him in an instant with a pounce and a touch of melo-drama:

"You villain!"

"Hello Doctor! By Jimminy, it can't be possible! Doc. Enderly!"

"Hello yourself, Bascom! What do you mean by coming here in a dress coat, say. Explain!"

"Thunder!" exclaimed the young fellow, grasping the Doctor's hand and shaking it vigorously, "how the deuce did you come here, Doc.? Gentlemen, this is Doctor Enderly, of the city, and a good fellow, too!"

"I know Doctor Enderly," said an elderly gentleman—one of the three—"well I know him, if he knows me, as I have no doubt he does. My name's Gibson."

"Why, yes! cried Enderly, excitedly shaking his hand, "you were a patient of mine; glad to see you! Who's your friend? Sit down—let's have a talk; I'm weary of being alone; I've been here hours, it seems to me. How well you look, Bascom. Excuse my appearance, gentlemen. I'm not in the rig to-night; but keep shady. I'm here on an errand."

"Doc, this is Mr. Wetherly," said Bascom, thrusting the third party upon Enderly.

Hand-shaking followed, as a matter of course.

"What if this affair, Bascom?" queried the Doctor.

"A garden party in honor of madame's birthday. She's a superb woman, isn't she, Doc.?"

"I never saw her."

"Nonsense! Is that so?"

"Positively. She's a mere myth to me, Bascom, as Helen, of Troy, is, unless I see her. I've been waiting now so long for a sight of her that—but, by-the-by, is she handsome?"

"Very."

"Possibly I saw her. A most beautiful young woman came into the reception room while I was there."

"Oh, she's not so young," interrupted Bascom. "She's forty, at least."

"So, so! Who the deuce is that pretty girl?"

"Maybe her daughter. There are a good many pretty girls here this evening, Doc. Mrs. Royer is a stately-looking woman—majestic, and all that. She's a queen wherever she goes. You must see her, old fellow."

"So I must; and that is what I came for."

"Let's to business," said Mr. Gibson, producing a pack of cards from the pocket of his claw-hammer. "You play euchre, Doctor?"

"Ot, sometimes, but I'm no hand at cards, Mr. Gibson."

"You and Mr. Bascom be partners; Mr. Wetherly and I will play against you," said Gibson.

Bascom drew his chair close to the little round table, and offered his cigar case to Enderly.

"I seldom smoke, Mr. Bascom, but when I do it's after the professional hours." He took a cigar, and added, "And I'm sure it's after office hours now."

"To be sure it is," said Bascom, puffing at his *fumeron*, and passing the case to the others. "I smoke all day,—can't help it. First thing in the morning, last thing at night. Let's have a game."

"I'm afraid I'll miss Mrs. Royer," said Enderly. "She was to meet me over in the reception room, and I'm afraid she'll find me *non est*. Excuse me a moment till I see if I can find her."

"Oh! nonsense, Doc, keep your seat!" exclaimed Bascom. "See here, a touch upon that knob will call a servant. Notice, I touch it. Wait an instant and you will behold the slave of the ring."

Bascom was a newspaper man, who had created a paper out of nothing, by his fun; and then bought an interest in it. He was a genius in his way, and Messrs. Roberts and Podgood, the sham wits, of course detested him.

The servant answered the summons promptly.

"See Mrs. Royer," said Bascom, "and tell her that Doctor Enderly is at her service in the Kiosque."

"Mrs. Royer can't be found, sir," interpolated the servant.

"She's over in the pavillion, I believe," said Bascom.

"No sir. She left there just a moment ago to come to the house on account of some trouble there about an old beggar who came in, and insisted upon seeing her."

"Where can she be?" asked Enderly, half conscious that this "old beggar" was Winthrop, yet hardly believing such a thing possible. But everything seemed to him dream-like and many on this night of adventure.

"I will try to find her," responded the servant.

And he left with a species of ejaculation that sounded like the growl of some enraged animal.

"A penny for your thoughts, Doctor!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson, for the first time becoming colloquial.

"Give me your penny, Mr. Gibson," answered the Doctor. "I'll tell you all I was thinking of."

"There you are!" exclaimed Gibson, handing the Doctor two nickels.

"That is not a penny!"

"It is equivalent to one."

"But it is not one, and therefore I cannot tell you. Produce a penny, and I'll answer you."

"Oh! I can imagine what Doc. is thinking of," said Bascom. "The beautiful phantom he saw a short time ago in yonder room."

"Of course," responded Enderly. "How could I think of anything else. Let us have this card game and a smoke, as we intended."

The cards had hardly been dealt and the cigars lighted, when the servant reappeared, and said:

"Mrs. Royer is in the reception room. She requests Doctor Enderly to see her there."

"Ah, Doc! I wish you joy of your interview, old fellow!" cried Bascom. "Come back and tell us all about it."

Enderly arose hurriedly, and exclaiming, "Oh! my errand is soon dispatched!" left the arbor, called by gentility, Kiosque, because it looked, at a little distance, like the pictures of Turkish summer houses; and crossing a short space of lawn and path, came to the veranda, and entered the reception room.

He was not a little startled at the majestic beauty of the woman who confronted him.

"I have the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Royer."

"Dr. Enderly, I believe," said the lady, with a slight inclination of her head, intended for a bow, and looking at the Doctor with a keen glance of her dark eyes, as if his presence and appearance pleased her.

"I came merely to ask one simple question," said the Doctor, trying to look comfortable, but feeling the very opposite, there was so much of a royal atmosphere about this haughty and beautiful woman, that he felt he ought to kneel down at her feet.

"Well, Doctor, what is it?"

"The one simple question is this: I understand a Mrs. Holbrooke lives here; is she the daughter of a Mr. Martin Winthrop?"

Mrs. Royer, glancing at the Doctor with a piercing, and almost snake-like scrutiny, grew even paler than the white Swiss toilette she wore. She even became livid as she answered:

"She is not!"

"I am off my track, Mrs. Royer. Pardon me, but I am very much interested in a very remarkable patient, and I was directed here for particulars concerning him."

"I really am sorry I cannot help you in your search," said Mrs. Royer, as affably as she could, the color coming back into her face intermittently. "Is that all, Doctor?"

"I will not detain you further, Mrs. Royer, and you must excuse this intrusion, but I was not aware you were so much occupied."

"Oh, it's of no consequence, sir."

Then, after an interval:

"Do you know Mr. Winthrop?"

"Very well. He is a patient of mine."

"Indeed! and how comes he to ask about Mrs. Holbrooke?"

"Because a Mrs. Holbrooke—a certain Carrie Holbrooke is his daughter, and he is wild to find her."

"Where?"

"Anywhere! I am assisting him in the search for the sake of restoring a lost daughter and a lost reason to a poor soul. But this Mrs. Holbrooke—she is your niece?"

"By marriage, Doctor."

"This is a curious thing; and yet I suppose it was the directory misdirected me. I shall not trouble you further, madam. I thank you!"

He arose to go.

"Stay!" exclaimed Mrs. Royer, somewhat in the manner of addressing a servant. "Stay; you must not go yet, Doctor!"

"I shall be happy to stay—but the train for town?"

"Never mind that; we have room enough here. Pray be seated. I have heard of your reputation as a skillful physician in the city, and, though I have never had the pleasure of seeing you before, I assure you I was recommended by several friends, among them a Mr. Goddolop, whom probably you know, to consult you about my own maladies—mental maladies, too, Doctor, like that of your old patient!"

"I shall be happy to do what I can for you, Mrs. Royer."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

We always begin our exploration through the dominion of dress with the hope of discovering new treasures and novelties entirely different from those revealed to us before, for in spite of all their attractive charms, we soon tire of their novelty, and as they become *passe* we sigh for something new, arrogating to ourselves the same right to exercise our caprice and dekleness of taste as is accorded to Dame Fashion. When she claims that prerogative, we always expect that "*les extremes se touchent*."

The close clinging dress has held our affections so long, our love of change has been held in abeyance by the stern decree of Fashion; but there are many murmured inquiries as to whether we shall have a decided change in our costumes in the coming season. It is very evident that our modistes have not introduced any decided novelty in this respect, for they still mould the dress and figure closely together, and even those who may long for a change must admit that the style is generally becoming, particularly to those who are rather inclined to stoutness, for the present style brings them nearer the size which fashion decrees as the properly graceful one than the former fashion of bouffante drapery or extensive crinoline would allow.

Another argument in behalf of the present style is in the use of so many charming varieties of soft woolen fabrics especially adapted to the clinging drapery. Indian cashmeres suitable for summer wear are made in all the fashionable shades, dark and light, ranging from the palest shade of fawn, beige and ecru. This last has been charmingly combined with other shades on a ground of amadou, with threads of blue, red, yellow and violet silk forming a small check. Large checks are said to be coming in vogue, to be combined in a novel way, and a new fabric forming damasse checks in twilight blue, gray and sable d'orient.

Another new material is an Indian silk, very supple and drapes exquisitely, but is said to be rather costly. It appears in delicate shades of rose color, wood brown, cardinal, Japanese, sky blue, sea blue, felt, bistre, etc.

A prominent question discussed is the short costume, which thus far has been confined to simple toilettes. "Chaussures" have become so elegant as to array themselves in battalions strong in favor of the short costume, independent of those who prefer it for its intrinsic merit. Fashion decrees at present that the overdress will not be worn with the short skirt, but instead the scarf, draped and fastened tightly, will be the style generally adopted.

A pretty model has a short skirt of silk, ornamented with a deep garniture composed of several rows of pleatings as fine as can be made, headed by a marquise ruche. Above this is a tightly folded sash of woolen and silk, or any fancy material. The corsage has a waistband fastened by a jeweled buckle.

This confirms a previous announcement that bodices with waistbands will be in great favor this season, although they are considered appropriate only to slender figures.

As Summer approaches, Fashion prepares her models for costumes suitable for fetes, and the many festive occasions which belong to the season of warm sunshine and bright blossoms; and as if to accord with the season the trimming chiefly consists of flowers. A few descriptions of some toilettes for balls and dinners will show the prevailing modes for these dresses. A new material called double gauze has appeared in the list as especially suitable for evening costumes, sky blue and Aurora pink being considered very effective. Imitation lace, especially Valenciennes and Mechlin, are largely used in trimming dinner dresses, also silk embroidery worked on a gauze foundation and studded with dead gold and silver leaves. Black and white blonde lace worked with pearls, is also a popular trimming.

A costume of double gauze of an Eastern blue shade, which is deeper than turquoise, is cut on the edge of the skirt in Vandykes, and bound with satin of a lighter shade, the points falling over a pleating of satin. On the tablier there is a succession of folds, and around the hips a Sultane sash is tied, the single end of which falls in front to the feet. The sash is of gauze embroidered with white silk studded with old silver beads. The cuirasse bodice is square, with a long pointed plastron embroidered to match the sash. The demilong sleeves are of similar gauze and confined to the elbow by blue satin ribbon.

A charming costume termed a "*l'avantail*," or "fan-shaped," is of pink silk, of the *rose nuage* shade, and is trimmed with two deep pleatings that spread out like large fans; they are made of gauze embroidered in India shawl design, and each has on the edge a wide binding of black satin. The train is draped in two pieces with large black satin bows covered with small gold arrows. The pink gauze corsage is gathered *a la Grecque* with an Indian sash embroidered like the waistband. It opens, V shape, back and front, and it is caught upon the shoulder by very pretty jewelled clasps; tiny embroidered epaulettes replace the sleeves. For day house-wear this costume appears in cashmere in two shades of blue; the waistcoat and fan-shaped flounces being turquoise, and the train and back of the bodice marine blue; the Indian embroidery enriches the light blue.

An exquisite ball dress is of white Indian silk, the front entirely corded with the white chenille embroidery of daisies with golden eyes. Another of tea rose silk is trimmed with lace embroidered with gold and silver, and wreaths of pink hyacinth are arranged in waves across the front and borders the long train.

A dress of the new shade called Mediterranean blue, shot with green, is draped with scarves of Spanish blonde, fastened by bunches of corn flowers; the corsage is embroidered with rainbow beads, and the short sleeves are wreaths of corn flowers.

Among the many exquisite trimmings are bands of crepe lisse embroidered with colors; while another kind is black velvet embroidered with gold and silver, in Louis XIV. style, and tulle embroidered in pompadour style on black and colored materials; but such costly trimmings are only suitable for carriage or evening costumes, and we must turn to simpler designs for general wear. Some of the modistes are making use of embroidered materials for waistcoats, which are seen to the number of two and three on one dress; the first being fastened to the skirt, the other two form part of the corsage, this brings to us the old "Directoire redingote."

A very effective costume is composed of a very long polonaise of peacock blue silk, trimmed with a band of moss green embroidery, and worn over a peacock colored skirt; a band of moss green brocade, dotted with blue forget-me-nots, trims the skirt; the centre of the train and waistcoat are of brocade; the back of the bodice is of moss green velvet.

Fancy lingerie is worn with demi-toilettes; among which are Van Dyke parures of fine linen, ornamented with open work; Russian or Torchon lace, and wide linen parures, are embroidered on the edge in blue, black and red.

Some handkerchiefs are made of small squares of fine white cambric, bordered with deep black Chantilly lace; these are not included among those intended for mourning, as frequently the lace is surmounted by fine colored embroidery. Other handkerchiefs have the edge cut in a leaf shape design and embroidered in colors.

Silver lace is one of the latest novelties used in trimming dainty little caps, some of which are silver gauze covered with silver spangles and trimmed with silver lace, and a tiny bouquet of flowers. Others are of light striped gauze in pink and blue, with threads of silver; silver thistles and silver lace form the trimming.

Gold and silver appear in exquisitely designed buckles and jewelled clasps, but should be used sparingly on bonnets.

To return to dress materials, one which is very popular is called crepe batiste, and comes in all the light and dark shades.

One of the prettiest was in light ecru, made with a kilted skirt, having in front a drapery simulating a tunic, and bordered by a cotton band simulating India cashmere embroidery. The pleated corsage has a waistband of blue bottle-colored gros grain silk. The trimming of the drapery also trims the basque and sailor collar. A blue ribbon bow fastens the collar, and a row of bows ornament one side of the skirt.

For Summer fetes the *elegantes* of fashion adopt simplicity of style, and revive the corsages *a la Grecque* and *a la Vierge*, with tiny bouquets of flowers in the hair; wall flowers, cowslips and lilacs being the favorites.

The subject of bonnets and hats is always important in a discussion on dress, so a few hints will be *apropos*. The latest bonnets are small and have but little trimming; straw being the favorite material, and flat crowns and a galloon of silver or gold; gold or silver fringe, or pearled lace, outlining the brim. The coarse straw called paillasson is a great favorite, many of them being worked with gold and silver, and ornamented by a huge Alsatian bow, which in color harmonizes with the costume. The bow of reversible satin may consist of two or three shades—moss and birch color, carondier and rose gray, prune and turquoise, rose and maroon, dahlia and amber, or navy blue carondier and black, or black, straw and carondier. A very striking model was of white rice straw, lined with carondier satin and tied with two inch-wide satin ribbon strings, carondier and white; a long white ostrich feather completes the trimming. A bonnet of violet crepe lisse, plain on the frame, has on the brim several fine pleatings of Valenciennes lace, with a double row of Parma violets and gold centres running through the centre; a gauging of violet crepe and satin is under the brim. A favorite hat is the Mother Shipton, made of Leghorn, with a wide brim tied down under the chin with white satin ribbon strings; clusters of loops of the satin ribbon forming full bows are placed on the back of the brim, so as to depress it to the neck; loops of the ribbon trim the crown, with white ostrich tips, or one long feather. For a youthful face there is no more becoming shape.

Floral bonnets vie with others composed entirely of fruit, and present great contrasts in color. Yellow pansies have an aigrette of blue feathers, or forget-me-nots, and red roses. For a quieter style, garlands of lilacs and currents are admired. For country wear the Cunotier shape is selected, adorned with ribbons passing through a large buckle in the side.

In shoes there is every variety of plain and elaborate styles. For walking boots the uppers are frequently of cloth, matching the dress, or a fancy design, such as brown dotted with red, or dark blue with light blue. While for dress they are made of satin, scalloped on the upper edge, and trimmed with narrow pleated Valenciennes lace, and in each scallop a white or gilt bead is sewn.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

[Owing to my limited space the continuation of the article on house drapery is deferred for our next issue.—ED.]

To Remove Stains and Restore the Color of Woolen Goods.—This is one of the most difficult things to accomplish, but I have found the enclosed recipe the best of all I have tried, and send it in answer to inquiry from "Down South:"

When color on a fabric has been accidentally destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole or bi-sulphide of carbon fails.—*Down East.*

Cheese Cakes.—I noticed in a back number an inquiry for good cheese cakes, and wish you would publish mine, as I can recommend it:

Sift one cupful of flour upon a pastry board, make a well in the centre, and put into this two tablespoonfuls of cream, three ounces grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls butter, the yolks of two eggs, and half a teaspoonful of salt, a dust of pepper, and a little nutmeg; if the paste is too stiff, use a little milk until you can work it without breaking; roll out thin, cut it in narrow strips, lay them on a buttered tin and bake to a pale yellow; serve as a relish, hot or cold.—*Constant Reader.*

Dolly Dean, (Silverdale, Ohio.)—I have made inquiries about the article in your note of inquiry. The very best is Lubin's, $1.50 a bottle, and is not easily detected. There is a less expensive article at 75 cents a bottle. Either can be carefully packed in cotton and sent by mail, the postage being 25 or 30 cents. If you will send me the amount I will forward it to your address.—ED.

Queen of Puddings.—In return for many valuable suggestions I have had from the Fireside Chat, I send an excellent pudding recipe:

1 pint fine bread crumbs to 1 quart of milk, 1 cup sugar, yolks of 4 eggs beaten, the grated rind of one lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff and beat in a teacup of sugar, in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any other preserve you may prefer; pour the whites over this and replace in the oven, and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream.—*A Very Old Subscriber.*

Potted Shad.—In answer to an inquiry from "Constant Reader," I think my recipe a very good one, and hope you will give it a place in your columns:

Cut the shad in pieces about two inches in width, dry well, place in layers in a stone pot, (one that has not been used preferred,) and cover each layer with pepper and salt and a few whole allspice or cloves. Cover the shad with cider vinegar. Tie thick brown paper over the pot, set in a moderately-heated room six to eight hours, usually over night. Shad cooked in this way will be boneless, except the back-bone, which will be soft.—*Old Subscriber.*

Freckles.—I am a victim to this and can sympathize with "School Girl," but a good old doctor came to my rescue and gave me something which he says will keep them away or remove them, so I hope you will publish the recipe for "School Girl's" benefit and others. I send it as I received it:

The effectual means of removing freckles is the use of those chemicals which dissolve the existing combination. The freckles are situated in the middle or second membrane of the skin, and before any other application it will be advisable to soften the surface by the use of some mild balsam or paste.

Paste for freckles—One ounce of bitter almonds, one ditto of barley flour, mix with sufficient quantity of honey to make the whole into a smooth paste, with which the face, more particularly where the freckles are visible, is to be anointed at night and the paste washed off in the morning, after a few days the skin will be prepared for a chemical remedy.

To decompose the freckles by laying bold of the iron, the following mixture may be applied. Take one drachm of muriatic acid, half pint rain water, half a teaspoonful lavender, mix well together, and apply two or three times a day with a camel's hair brush. The acid seizes upon the iron and the oxygen is disengaged.—*Just Out.*

WORMS IN FLOWER POTS.—Grated horse-chestnuts, mixed with ten times their bulk of water, will expel worms from the soil in pots.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

JOHN, (Fairfield, S. C.)—Cowper, the poet, died April 28, 1800.

F. C. W., (Pickens, Ga.)—Oxymuriatic acid will take out ink marks from books without injuring the book.

AMELIA B., (Mower, Minn.)—Plenty of fair men marry fair women. We never heard of any objection to such matches.

CAMBRO, (Nodaway, Mo.)—There is no distinction between the words among and amongst, toward and towards, amid and amidst.

HATTIE, (Phila., Pa.)—"Recipe to cry without tears to wash," is by Mrs. Hemans, and is to be found in the lines "On a School Girl."

ADRIAN, (McKean, Pa.)—Involuntary blushing generally arises from excessive bashfulness, which wears off by degrees in proportion as young persons mix with society.

S. L., (Clayton, Wis.)—At a ball, when engaging a lady for some forthcoming dance, you should take and note it on her card for her if you see that she does not at once write it down herself.

LOYD, (Scott, Miss.)—While the earth is revolving at its tremendous rate in its orbit, everything in its atmosphere accompanies it; such as flying birds, balloons, etc. Thus the earth does not outstrip them.

E. C., (Edinburg, Ill.)—Captain Mayne Reid, the famous Kinglish novelist, has written a fine work entitled "The White Chief," which is probably the one you want. It may be procured at almost any book store.

LAMPA, (Clarion, Pa.)—When a lady and gentleman meet in the street, it is the lady's duty to bow first. It is not usual to shake hands on the occasion of introduction, but there are exceptions to this as well as to every other rule.

LARRY, (Custer, N. Y.)—To be "long" of stock is to buy it and hold it, expecting it to go up, which it does not always do. To go "short" is to sell the stock when you have not got it, expecting it to go lower, when you can buy it back again.

ASPIRANT, (Highland, Ohio.)—A person should be apprenticed to a wood engraver to learn the art thoroughly. The length of time required for learning it depends mainly, as in every other accomplishment, avocation, etc., on the aptitude of the pupil.

W. E., (Windsor, Vt.)—We think a married gentleman should not offer to become the escort of a single young lady under any circumstances, unless very unusual or exceptional ones. There is no recipe to keep the hair moist, apart from the use of oil or pomade.

LUCY, (Dubois, Ind.)—A mere avowal of love and a reciprocal assurance can scarcely be said to constitute an engagement. Something more formal is required; such as an appeal to parents, the presentation of an engagement ring, or the exchange of letters.

BETTIE, (New London, Conn.)—A nursery-governess is expected to instruct the children consigned to her charge in the rudiments of education, such as spelling, reading and writing. The salaries vary according to the positions of the families employing such governesses.

DARK, (Luzerne, Iowa.)—It is, of course, very improper for a gentleman who is engaged to a lady, to pay marked attentions to another; but it is even still more improper for the latter to accept them. A lady ought not to give a present to a gentleman who is not engaged to her.

LUDLOW, (Germantown, Pa.)—Paradise is a Greek word, signifying a place of happiness. Tertullian believed that paradise was a state for the reward of the soul, in particular for the good things it did without the concurrence of the body. Scripture has no explanation of it. We interpret it metaphorically as an abode of happiness.

ED, (Perry, Pa.)—The Turkish language is commonly called Osmanli, just as our language is called English. It is a compound of other languages, but is as rich and polished as any other language in the world. Sir William Jones praised its admirable dignity, and Jambert considers it the most perfect that can be. The alphabet is composed of thirty-three letters.

FAIRMOUNT, (Phila., Pa.)—The following notice is said to have appeared in the "Oracle," an English daily newspaper, December, 1792: "There has been lately laid before the Admiralty Board the model of a ship, worked by steam, which is so constructed as to sail against wind and tide. This ingenuity is to be rewarded by a patent." Fulton was an American.

SINCERITY, (Phila., Pa.)—Adaptations of Italian operas were first produced in England about 1699. An opera called "Pyrrhus and Demetrius," was first performed in 1710 by a mixed company of Italian and English artists, who sung each in his own language. The first opera entirely in Italian, and by Italian singers, was "Almahide," by Signor Buononcini; produced in 1710.

CAMPBELL, (Jefferson, Ill.)—If the rest of the family are on your side, your father will probably come around in due time. Therefore bear your troubles for a while. Her not being so well off as you, provided in other respects she is all right, really constitutes no sound objection to the match; and if you behave yourself properly your father will probably grow to see the matter in that light.

JIM, (Ludington, W. Va.)—A girl very often acts whimsically for fear if she is too cordial she will seem to be making the advances, or because she hardly knows her own mind. She may discover that she has awakened tender feelings in a man, and rejoice at the discovery, and yet be unable to conquer a desire to worry him a little before she confesses her own affection. We would advise you not to despair.

SELF-TAUGHT, (Mason, Tex.)—If you wish to acquire a clear manner of expressing your ideas, you must learn to think—to think deeply, comprehensively, and powerfully; and to confine the attention closely. When you have acquired the command over the attention, you will find you will be able, with a slight effort of the mind, to express your ideas on all occasions with perspicuity and precision. You can gain habits of thought only by study, and by watching the great efforts of herculean thinkers.

Z. B. R., (Phila., Pa.)—The elephant frequently lives for more than half a century, providing nothing happens to cut short its natural life. There exists a very small reptile of which the elephants have a very peculiar dread, and against which neither their sagacity or prowess can defend them. This diminutive creature gets into the trunk of the elephant, and pursues its course until it finally fixes in its head, and by keeping him in constant agony, at length torments the stupendous animal to death.

D. A., (Warren, N. Y.)—Dreams were much reflected upon by the Greeks. We have many interesting accounts of them and their prognostications in the Heathen Mythology. There is also a Scriptural authority for a reliance upon dreams—that mentioned by Joseph in the Gospel of St. Matthew. In Westminster Abbey are singular records of the dreams of Edward the Confessor. Instances of this kind would fill a volume. A remarkable modern instance is attested in the life of Lord Lyttleton; that distinguished nobleman expired three days after a singular dream, in which he was warned of his approaching dissolution.

VINCULO, (Kenton, Ky.)—It is customary, as a mark of respect to the lady's parents, to ask their permission or approval of the engagement. Many persons, while having no objection to the gentleman himself, are opposed to long engagements, or may not deem him in a position to support their daughter in the style she is accustomed to, and consider it unadvisable to enter into an engagement which would, to a certain extent, act as a restraint upon her actions in society for an indefinite period. Another reason may be the extreme youth of either one or the other of the parties.

T. L., (Phila., Pa.)—The telephone is regarded as an entirely new invention, although it is said as far back as 1809, a Mr. Philip Reis read a paper at a meeting of the Physical Society of Frankfort-on-the-Main, which was printed in the annual proceedings of that society, describing an instrument which he constructed in order to explain the functions of the ear, but which also served, he said, to transmit all kinds of sounds by means of a galvanic current to any distance, and he called this instrument a telephone. The inventor of this telephone was born on the 7th of January, 1834, at Gelnhausen, and died on the 14th of January, 1874.

LUSBY, (Hamplin, Pa.)—Nominally the English House of Commons consists of 658 members, thus distributed: England and Wales 493; Scotland 60; and Ireland 105. Four boroughs, however, with six seats, have been disfranchised, and the writ for Norwich has been suspended, so that the House really consists of 650 members. Members are divided into two general classes, known as borough and county members. The Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburg, Dublin, and some other universities are also entitled to members. Each of the first two named has two members. Bankrupts are not eligible to the House of Commons.

T. E., (Grafton, N. H.)—Joan of Arc was born about the year 1410 or 1411, in the little village of Domremy, France, and about three leagues south of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Champagne. She was burnt at the stake May 31, 1431, in the market-place of Rouen; but whether her death is to be attributed to the Burgundians, who sold the Maid of Orleans; the English, who permitted her execution; the French, of that party who brought it about and perpetrated it; or the French, of the opposite side, who made no few efforts to rescue her to whom they owed their liberation and their national existence, is a matter about which historians disagree.

HANNIET, (Cumberland, Me.)—Your old lover could of course sue you for breach of promise, if he should choose to do so; but it is not at all likely that he would gain his case on the trial. His letter to you, stating that he considered the engagement at an end, and marry whomsoever he pleased, without regard to your feelings, would be sufficient to bind him in any court in Christendom. His pretence, now, that he "wrote it in fun," and "didn't mean anything by it," will not answer. It was impossible for you to know that he did not mean what he said. You had a right to take him at his word, and he must now abide the consequences of his folly.

COFFIN-DAM, (Phila., Pa.)—The oldest intelligence we have respecting the use of the diving-bell in Europe is the relation of an exhibition at Toledo, Spain, before the Emperor Charles V, in the middle of the sixteenth century, when two divers, in the presence of several thousand persons, let themselves down in the water in a large inverted kettle, with a burning light, and came up again without being wetted. One Phillips, in the reign of Charles II of England, formed a project for unloading a Spanish galleon which had been sunk, and succeeded in recovering property to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds. The great improver of diving-bells, however, was the English Dr. Halley, who made considerable alterations in the beginning of the last century.

READER, (Kent, Ind.)—The ballad called "Chevy Chase" was written during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There had long been a feud between the houses of Percy, of Northumberland, and Douglas, of Scotland, and the former swore that he would hunt for three days on Scottish soil without asking leave of Earl Douglas, the lord of the domain. Douglas, quick to resent the insult, sought out his intrusive rival, encountered him in the region of the Cheviot Hills (whence the name of the ballad) and there fought him from dawn till dark. The result of the conflict is thus stated:

"Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,
Under the greenwood tree."